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THE ENEMIES OF ENGLAND.

AS Sir CHARLES DILKE and other authorities have made up their minds that a Franco-Russian coalition against England is only a question of time, and that it would go hard with us if that coalition should come about, it is, we suppose, desirable to consider the case. What the result of the consideration from one point at least must be is scarcely doubtful, and little or nothing need be said about it here. It certainly will not do for England to be unprepared; but, then, that is nothing new, and is no more the moral of to-day than of any day in the course of centuries, past, present, and to come. If the rich man is not also a strong man, if he is not armed, and does not keep his goods, those goods will pretty certainly be spoiled, and if the spoiler is not one person or Power, it will be another. The weakest points of the Empire are perfectly well known both to Englishmen and to their probable enemies. As for the immediate agents of the proposed cutting up of the British Empire, we do not know that they are very well chosen. Both Powers would, no doubt, be very glad to do themselves a good turn at the expense of England; that is undoubted. And it is equally undoubted that they have fewer causes of quarrel with each other (save and except the awkwardness of a partnership between the chief European Republic and the chief European despotism) than any other two. But we have pointed out before, and may fairly point out again, that they would find some difficulty in working together, and that the risk run by the Western member of the partnership would be so out of all proportion to the risk run by the Eastern as to give pause to any but the most harebrained French Government. Yet again, that matter of the cutting up which has been just referred to would be anything but easily arranged; and there is more than one Power which has the most vital interest in preventing at all hazards that turning of the Mediterranean into a French lake which is almost the only way in which France could reap her share of the plunder. And the supposition that any Power, whether directly interested or not, would regard with indifference a proceeding which, if successful on the aggressors' part, would put the whole of Europe at those aggressors' mercy, is a little fanciful. We can count on no one's good will; for, in the first place, it would be a little difficult to find any Power which has real good-will towards England, and, in the second, good-will counts in any case for next to nothing in politics. But interest counts for everything; and if Germany, and Austria, and Italy, not to mention Spain and the smaller Powers, were to look quietly on while Russia and France reduced England to nonentity, the statesmen and the people of these countries would very amply deserve the consequences which would pretty assuredly follow. Last of all, preposterous as the suggestion may seem, and though it is no doubt possible to imagine a ruinous coalition against Great Britain, we are by no means certain that England could not give a fair account of France and Russia. There might be very unpleasant experiences first, both at home and abroad, and it might be necessary to encourage the others, as in the case of BYNG, if not (which Heaven forbid!) as in the case of DE WITT. But it is not wholly insane to ask whether the Australian colonies could not with some imperial aid cope with the French and the Russians in the Pacific; and the whole energies of the Indian Government are now bent on putting India in a condition to fight her own battle. Moreover, it is sometimes forgotten that France is not entirely destitute of trade, and that the Customs regulations of the Continent are not exactly favourable to the restriction of that trade to land routes.

The present purpose, however, is to deal, not with France, but with Russia. Even the alarmist must admit that Russia

is likely to begin in Asia, not in Europe; and indeed it is obviously impossible that she should do anything else, considering that, by hypothesis, she is not to do anything to offend or alarm the Great Powers of Central Europe. A day or two ago scaremongers were nearly certain that the thing had begun already in the shape of a movement among the tribes between Penjdeh and Herat. Later advices seem to show that the particular incident was not correctly reported. But that matters very little. Everybody, except Mr. GLADSTONE and the (in one way or another) paid advocates of Russia knows that the Penjdeh settlement was never intended on the Russian side either to be final or to be faithfully observed. The Russian practice in such matters is quite uniform in substance, though necessarily conditioned in detail by circumstances. The beginning of the arrangements for breaking a treaty is not always made on the evening of the day on which the treaty is signed. Encroachment, disavowal; encroachment, excuse; encroachment, maintenance and improvement of ditto, succeed in pretty regular order, but with no pedantic insistence on regular intervals. Without being further in the confidence either of the enterprising ALIKHANOFF or of his superiors than any Englishman can, we suspect, pretend to be, it would be impossible to foretell the times and the seasons of each step. But we should be disposed to lean rather to the side which it seems the Russian General SOBOLEFF has recently taken in a review article than to that which Sir CHARLES DILKE seems to affect. The heart of the CZAR appears to be considerably more set upon Bulgaria than upon Afghanistan, and there is no doubt that the plan advocated by a considerable portion of Russian opinion, of using Central Asia as a lever to keep England quiet in the Balkans, is a sufficiently obvious, and might with weak English rulers be a not wholly ineffective, plan. On the other hand, a fresh raising of the Central Asian question *per se*, unless the offensive and defensive arrangement with France were an established fact, would be a very dubious proceeding for Russia. For we suppose there is no Englishman so craven or so ill informed that he thinks this country unable to meet Russia by herself, disabled from attacking Turkey for fear of European complications, and driven to do what she could with Persia instead.

The most interesting and reasonable part of the recent rumours, indeed, has a good deal to do with Persia—a country which, as every one at all acquainted with Eastern affairs must be aware, is almost necessarily destined to be the scene of affairs of great importance before long. As personal questions have great weight in the East, it is by no means improbable that the reported Russian uneasiness at the appointment of Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF to Teheran is real. Sir HENRY has not hitherto been an entirely fortunate diplomatist, and we have frequently spoken our own opinion about his famous floating mission to the Porte. But he has shown ability of precisely the kind which Russia is most afraid of, and which Orientals respect most; he is thoroughly at home in the East; and he is known not to be the kind of person who will contentedly play that second fiddle which for some years has been the appointed instrument of HER MAJESTY'S representative with the SHAH. Now it has long been the ambition, and has sometimes been not far from being the good hap, of Russia to play towards Persia nearly the same part as that which she used to play towards Poland before actually swallowing that country; and she would very much like to carry out the parallel in its entirety. In the way of doing this there can be no more unpleasant obstacle than an inquisitive, a determined, and an adroit English Minister at Teheran. And one of the most obvious ways of preventing such a Minister from

obtaining dangerous influence is to make the SHAH feel that Russia can be as unpleasant about frontier questions and so forth if she is displeased as she can be pleasant when she is pleased. But Sir H. DRUMMOND-WOLFF is not exactly the man to be frustrated by such very simple play as this, and, if well supported, he ought to be able to strengthen the British position very materially. For we have over Russia the great advantage of being notoriously guiltless of all designs on the independence even of a single Persian province, which is certainly more than can be said for the other side. England can hardly be too good friends with Persia, and in particular English agents on the Persian side of the new Perso-Russian frontier in Khorassan can hardly be too numerous, too carefully selected, and too well paid. At present we are very ill off for such, and the result is, to say nothing worse, the arrival of a great deal of false and useless information and the non-arrival of a great deal of information which would be both true and valuable.

SOUTH AFRICA.

AT the meeting which was held under the presidency of Mr. CHAMBERLAIN to hear Mr. MACKENZIE'S lecture on South African affairs there was much difference of opinion, but the Chairman expressed the conviction of all parties that some definite and vigorous course of action must be adopted. Mr. CHAMBERLAIN has always been consistent in his determination to maintain the unity and greatness of the Empire. Even when he represented the advanced Radicals in Mr. GLADSTONE'S Administration, he was understood to differ from a large body of his political allies on questions of foreign policy. During his late mission to Washington he took many opportunities of protesting against schemes which tended to detach the Dominion of Canada from its allegiance to the Crown. He appears to be not less sensible of the duty of protecting English interests in South Africa, and of keeping faith with the native tribes which have acknowledged the supremacy of the Imperial Government. Even if the connexion with some of the great colonies were to be dissolved, there would still be strong reason for maintaining the existing connexion with the Cape. One of the speakers at the meeting suggested the possibility of retaining the naval station at Simon's Bay when the Cape Colony had become independent. It is undoubtedly necessary to secure an alternative route to the East in the not improbable contingency of the interruption of the passage by the Suez Canal; but there is a wide difference between the occupation of an isolated fortress and the unquestioned possession of the country to which it geographically belongs. The jealousies which arise from the English tenure of Gibraltar are sufficiently troublesome. It is not desirable to reproduce the same relations in the Southern hemisphere. The emancipated colony, or, perhaps, some more powerful claimant, would learn to regard as intruders the fleets and garrisons which might survive the English sovereignty, and, as in the case of Gibraltar, the presence of foreign forces would be deemed an encroachment on local rights. If the position were once abandoned or lost, no plausible demand could be preferred for the restitution of an outlying and distant post. As long as the port and its defences are parts of an acknowledged dependency of England they will naturally share the fortunes of the territory in which they are situated.

Mr. MACKENZIE and some of the speakers who discussed his lecture hold that the offices of Governor of the Cape and High Commissioner for the affairs of South Africa ought not to be held by the same person. The ability and experience of Sir HERCULES ROBINSON are generally admitted, but some of his subordinate officers have strongly disapproved of parts of his policy, and it has been thought that deference to a responsible Ministry in the Cape Colony is inconsistent with the independence of the representative in the neighbouring territories of the Imperial Government. The measures of Mr. MACKENZIE and Sir CHARLES WARREN, who attended the meeting, have been overruled by the HIGH COMMISSIONER, and they still, as might be expected, dissent from his policy. The home Government is not likely to restrict his authority during his term of office, but possibly the experiment of a separation of offices may be tried when a successor is appointed. The Cape Parliament makes no claim to control over dominions in which colonial interests are not involved; but it must often be difficult to distinguish between the rights of the Imperial Government and the measures which

directly or indirectly affect the colony. The most urgent question which at present awaits decision concerns English and colonial traders almost equally. There is a serious risk that access to the interior may be barred by the intervention of other European Powers. The Portuguese Government has advanced a claim to a tract of land extending from the Eastern to the Western coast. If the pretension is established, nearly the whole continent of Africa will be closed to English trade. A still more formidable, though less immediate, cause of anxiety arises from the recent policy of the German Empire. The settlements on the Western coast which were made a few years ago seem to have been injudiciously chosen, and although commercial factories and military posts may be here and there established, no German colony has been founded in any part of Africa where Europeans can thrive as colonists. The lands south of the Zambesi would be more desirable, and there is reason to fear that large tracts might be acquired if the Dutch Republics were, through jealousy of England, tempted to invite or accept a German Protectorate.

It may be hoped that neither the Colonial Office nor the HIGH COMMISSIONER will encourage a domestic agitation which coincides in time with the pressure of many external difficulties. It has been seriously proposed to make Natal a self-governing colony. The concession of Ministerial responsibility has succeeded fairly in many homogeneous populations of English extraction. It has, in fact, served as a provisional arrangement, which has postponed, perhaps for an indefinite time, the assertion of independence. It is useless to inquire whether a compromise which could not be withheld was in itself intrinsically desirable. Parliamentary government is utterly unsuitable to communities in which a minority of superior race lives among a half-civilized and more numerous population. Mr. FROUDE illustrates in his work on the West Indies the tendencies and results of representative institutions when negroes or other inferior races are either admitted to a share in the exercise of political power or excluded from the enjoyment of equal rights. The Americans have, with their usual energy, furnished the best solution of the difficulty by granting votes to the emancipated negroes of the Southern States, while the whites contrive to reserve all power to themselves. It would not be easy to apply the same practice to Natal. In that colony twenty thousand colonists of European extraction live in the midst of four hundred thousand Zulus. It is a proof of the good sense and ability of successive Lieutenant-Governors and of the natural docility of the natives that there have never been serious disturbances or quarrels between the two races. Even at the time of the Zulu War the coloured inhabitants of Natal were quiet; and, as long as they are protected by the authorities of the Crown Colony, there is no reason to apprehend native disaffection. It is hoped that their more warlike kinsmen in Zululand will follow their example now that they have at last been assured of English protection.

In a Natal Parliament either the natives must be allowed to vote or they must be totally excluded from the franchise. It is unnecessary to dilate on the absurdity of giving the coloured majority absolute power over the colonists. The alternative of a supreme white oligarchy is only a little less objectionable. The continuance of the present form of government is indispensable to the interests of all parties, unless, indeed, the powers of the Council were still further restricted. The recently annexed portions of Zululand are to be governed in the native fashion, under the supervision of an English Resident. It would be intolerable that the subject tribes should witness the spectacle of a little Parliament on the other side of the border. Those who best understand the condition and the history of South Africa are by no means unanimous in their opinion on the expediency of the hasty concession of responsible government to the Cape. At this time the whole white population amounts to a quarter of a million, and the number of natives and Europeans in the whole of South Africa is estimated at three millions. The Legislature of the Cape has wisely declined to allow the natives to possess power in proportion to their numbers. At the same time it has a right to take credit for a not illiberal method of dealing with the question. Natives who possess a moderate property qualification are allowed a vote, so that the franchise is neither dangerously extensive nor invidiously restricted. On the whole, the policy of the Cape Government with respect to the native population of the colony has been neither unwise nor ungenerous. It has now deliberately repudiated all responsibility for the management of the tribes which are

still independent. It is on this ground that the Imperial Government finds itself charged with the general control of native affairs. For many years the Zulus and other warlike races were regarded with not unreasonable apprehension. Their power is now broken, at least for the present, and the Dutch Republics are more formidable rivals. It is not improbable that the discovery of gold and diamonds may reinforce the English population within the limits of the South African Republics.

The functions which have been retained or assumed by the Imperial Government need not, except in the contingency of a serious war, involve great expense; and, if the burden were heavier, it could not be prudently declined. The trade of South Africa is worth protecting even at considerable cost, and in the present day commercial freedom disappears as soon as any civilized Power but one has taken possession of a territory. The interior of Africa has not yet advanced to the conception of prohibitive or protective tariffs. Perhaps some of them may learn from the results of the German annexation of Zanzibar the relations of modern civilization to trade. It is understood that negotiations are pending with Portugal on the subject of Delagoa Bay; but only sanguine politicians will anticipate a favourable result.

PACKING FOR THE COUNTRY.

IT will hardly, even by Mr. GLADSTONE's most fervent devotees, be taken as an instance of anti-Gladstonian malignity if we observe that of late years Mr. GLADSTONE, when in Opposition, has not been an extraordinarily punctual or constant attendant on, or partaker in, the debates of the House of Commons. As he very justly says, he is an old man; age requires rest; and when can that rest better be taken than when on the one side an ungrateful country drives you from office, and on the other ardent and capable lieutenants—MORLEYS, TANNERS, HARCOURTS, CONYBEARES, PARNELLS, EGANS (but, no; Mr. EGAN is not yet in Parliament)—are ready to do the needful work? It is not, therefore, wicked to assume that when Mr. GLADSTONE is extraordinarily vigilant and talkative there must be some special motive, even though that motive is not apparent on the surface. On the surface no two more unlikely occasions for an ex-Prime Minister to intervene could be selected than the two occasions of Mr. GLADSTONE's speeches on Monday and Tuesday last. The Monday performance seems—so apparently preposterous was it—to have fairly puzzled some good persons. An Irish magistrate, telling the simple truth, but not using formal legal terms, informs the SPEAKER that Mr. DILLON has been convicted of taking part in the Plan of Campaign. Of course, what he has technically been convicted of is participation in certain illegal acts which are inseparable from, and which, together and with others, make up *id genus belli quod audit* "the Plan of Campaign," as the Holy Office classically and with exactness calls it. That the Irish members should make a fuss about this was, of course, natural; for, in the first place, it took up time; in the second, it gave an opportunity of abusing magistrates; in the third, the short announcement that a man and an M.P. has got six months for taking part in the Plan of Campaign is likely to sound uncomfortably in Irish ears. That Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT should join them was nothing; and the growing and deepening conviction which Mr. MORLEY evidently feels that it is a sin and a shame that Mr. BALFOUR should be in a place once held by worthier men may account for his aid. But Mr. GLADSTONE's participation was a little strange. Perhaps it may be said, with more real than apparent force, that if Mr. GLADSTONE had not been Mr. GLADSTONE the thing would have been simply impossible. As it was, "homocousion" and "homoiousion" rang to ancient ears a less horrid difference than "the Plan of Campaign" and "a certain illegal conspiracy called the Plan of Campaign" do to Mr. GLADSTONE. The dreadful breach of privilege committed excluded all consideration of motive and of presumed innocence. It was one of the gravest matters on which Parliament could possibly be engaged, except (may we suggest?) the possible case of an undergraduate member of the House being reported to the Speaker as "gated," instead of "confined to college"—which is very fairly parallel. There was "no question more grave." "The tribunals of the country were bound to respect the House," and so on, for nearly half a column of the *Times*. And though Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on the other obstructive

debate of Tuesday was not quite so obviously absurd, it was equally strange in itself, in its subject, and in its occasion.

But, if there is one thing that is quite certain about Mr. GLADSTONE, it is that he is not a fool. Many other things, some of them not good or nice, might be said of him, but not this. The characteristics of a fool are numerous, but for public and political purposes they may be said to be two, generally found together, though sometimes separate. The fool does not possess any clear and distinct idea of the ends which he desires to reach, and he still less possesses any clear and distinct notion of the means by which they are to be reached. In neither of these ways is Mr. GLADSTONE a fool, for his miscalculation in the Home Rule matter is human and not merely foolish. Further, Mr. GLADSTONE must have been greatly encouraged by his Nonconformist audience last week in pursuing the course which from these two speeches it is clear that he is pursuing. It was a ticklish business to address not quite four thousand ministers, present in the flesh or by their sufficient deputies, on such a theme. For, though some notorious charlatans were among them, the majority—the great majority—of the audience were men, no doubt, not very intelligent nor very well educated, but personally honest, respectable, sincere, and (as far as a burning social jealousy of the Established Church will let them be) Christian. Now Christianity, in every one of its myriad forms, except those of a few obscure heresies not now openly professed by any one, pronounces those who act upon the principles and carry on the practices of Mr. GLADSTONE's allies in Ireland to be reprobate in this world, and punishable with the most terrible of all penalties in the next. Even a man of Mr. GLADSTONE's courage and of Mr. GLADSTONE's ingenuity must have felt his heart beat a little when he set to work to inveigle four thousand ministers of religion into setting their hands solemnly to the new commandments, "Thou shalt steal from thy land-lord" and "Thou shalt murder him who takes boycotted land." But he did it; and both the fact of his undertaking and the fact of his achieving the feat shows, when taken in connexion with these two curious speeches in the House, the lines upon which he and his are going to the country for this Parliamentary recess, and, if they can manage it, on greater occasions hereafter.

Now in order to go to the country certain luggage is required, and Mr. GLADSTONE's way of selecting and packing up that luggage is known of old. It has never been decided by critics whether the whimsical wit of Mr. LEWIS CARROLL (who is known to be a good Tory) had Mr. GLADSTONE directly in view when drawing the personage who informed his followers, without a murmur on their part, "What I tell you three times is true." But Mr. GLADSTONE's method of establishing first principles is, and has long been, precisely this. It is by this that, in face of evidence of every possible kind, including the printed admissions of his Irish partisans, he has established it that the proceedings at Mitchelstown were an attack by the police on the people, and not an attack by the people on the police. It is thus that he is trying to establish something similar as to the riot at Ennis. It is thus that he has tried, though with less success, to discover in the practice of increasing sentences on appeal a new and hellish device of the Tory Government, instead of a continuation of precedents set again and again by his own administration, and now solemnly approved by a Divisional Court of exceptionally Liberal constitution. It is thus that he is basing on the KING-HARMAN appointment a charge of scandalous and unheard-of jobbery. And it is thus, no doubt, that he is laying the foundation of a fresh charge about Mr. HAMILTON's report to the SPEAKER on the conviction of Mr. DILLON. The process is clear and easy, and the object explains the at first sight ludicrous and unintelligible solemnity of the terms used to describe a simple substitution of popular for technical language. First (that is to say, on Monday), Mr. GLADSTONE applies to this language of Mr. HAMILTON descriptions which would be not wholly inappropriate to the Arrest of the Five Members. When he next refers to it we shall without doubt find him referring, not to the fact, but to his description of the fact; and assuming, or rather laying it down, that the description answers to the thing. And next we shall find him sternly, and to all appearance justly, denouncing the perpetrators of atrocities which no doubt would be atrocious enough if they existed anywhere except in his own imagination and vocabulary. He has so far laid it down that "there is no question graver for the House of Commons than the personal liberty of its members." There is a touch of rhetoric even here perhaps; for there are

some things graver, such as the safety of the country at large and the protection of innocent persons from such tyranny as that of the National League. Still, it is not necessary to deny that the question is a very grave question indeed. Unluckily it does not here come in in the very slightest degree. It is not a question of the personal liberty of Mr. DILLON, the circumstances of the restriction of which are perfectly well known and are correctly conveyed to every person of ordinary intelligence by Mr. HAMILTON's report. It is practically a question of red tape, of ribbons instead of buckles in the shoes—a question, or rather a quibble, so utterly idle and ridiculous that, except for the purpose of introducing and substituting his own unfavourable description of it, even Mr. GLADSTONE would have been ashamed to touch it. But as it is, we shall almost beyond doubt hear, for some months to come, from Mr. GLADSTONE and from all the baser sort of Gladstonians, that the House of Commons is indifferent to the personal liberty of its members, because Mr. HAMILTON has omitted the “divers, that is to say, two thousand,” and the “not having the fear of God before his eyes, but acting “under the instigation of the Devil,” in his description of the crime which Mr. DILLON has committed.

NATIONAL DEFENCE.

THE passage of arms between the Marquess of SALISBURY and Lord WOLSELEY ended, as the Duke of CAMBRIDGE observed, in an agreeable manner. The ADJUTANT-GENERAL's answer to the PRIME MINISTER's rebuke was delivered in good terms and accepted in an excellent spirit. In the familiar phrase, honours were easy. On the one hand, the ADJUTANT-GENERAL caused his speech at Sir JOHN PENDER's dinner to look more foolish than ever, when he earnestly assured the House of Lords that, though he accused all politicians of being persons of a low morality, he had no intention of accusing HER MAJESTY's present Ministers of being below the highest moral standard. He was, in fact, attacking the politician in the abstract, and not kicking his shins in the concrete form of Mr. STANHOPE. We are afraid that this is another way of saying that he was talking in a rather loose after-dinner way. It is not pleasant for a gentleman to be compelled to make this confession, even in the serene atmosphere of the House of Lords. On the other hand, Lord WOLSELEY had the satisfaction of extorting from the PRIME MINISTER the confession, certain to be made use of by the enemy, that he had never heard of some very important evidence given by the ADJUTANT-GENERAL to a Commission appointed by himself, which reported to his own Government. This Report has been printed, much read, and commented on—to some extent even acted on—and yet the PRIME MINISTER cannot recollect that one of its most important parts has even been brought to his ears. It was certainly somebody's business so to bring it. A pleasant dash of humour was imported into the evening's proceedings by Lord GRANVILLE, who complained that, although Lord WOLSELEY had withdrawn his accusations against the Conservatives, he still left the Liberals open to the charge of low morality. The ADJUTANT-GENERAL seems to have gone in some sort through the experience of that clergyman who, having suddenly to preach for a colleague, and having no sermon ready, fell back on a resource too little used by the cloth, and read one of the homilies. Next day he was surprised to receive the earnest assurance of a conspicuous parishioner that he had never beaten his wife. His Lordship's words have obviously fallen on many ears made tender by conscience, and hence all these vehement assurances from distinguished public men that they never neglected the defence of the country to serve a party purpose. We receive these assertions with the polite faith due to the word of English gentlemen. No doubt errors of judgment have been the cause of our failures hitherto; but what mattered it how the head lay so long as the heart was right? Now all politicians see how mistaken their heads were, and the rectitude of their hearts will at last have a chance. MARK ANTONY, in SHAKESPEARE's play of *Julius Cæsar*, said things worth reading, but too well known to require quotation.

Tuesday evening's proceedings in the House of Commons were less artistic than Monday's in the Lords, and, in some respects, less profitable. Mr. SMITH, indeed, asked for and obtained two sums of money for defensive purposes; but there are several considerations which make it difficult to

regard his success with any great enthusiasm. The grant for the Australian squadron is required to carry out a plan formed a year ago, which cannot be carried fully into effect for two years more. There will thus have been a period long enough to allow for two great wars, at the modern rate of speed, between the formation of the plan and its execution. This was doubtless mainly inevitable; but still it is, in its way, an example of our habit of doing things at the last moment. The second vote is a much less pardonable example of the same slovenly and unintelligent method of doing business. It is for fortifications, and is required, we can hardly say to complete, but to begin to carry towards completion, the work of supplying the arsenals and coaling stations with sufficient defences, which was begun in Lord NORTHBROOK's time. That Minister, as all the world remembers, was driven by popular fear and anger to undertake the supply of great additions to the navy and the construction of important fortifications. Characteristically enough, the task he began under pressure is about to be carried on when it seems not unlikely that there will be another and an even fiercer clamour raised against the Conservative Ministry. How absolutely necessary it is that the work should be done is made perfectly clear by Mr. SMITH. On his own showing, not only great foreign stations such as Malta and Gibraltar are too weak, but such vital spots at home as Portsmouth are in pressing need of strengthening. It is to be given at last, but Mr. SMITH does not expect that the necessary guns will be ready for three years. During this time we shall at many points be in the unpleasant predicament of the lobster who has just wriggled out of his old shell and has not yet formed the new one. He is in an awkwardly soft state if by any chance another crustaceous beast with its nippers fully armed falls on him. Now we would wish to avoid the sin of Lord WOLSELEY, and so shall not say another word touching a connexion between Ministers and low morality. Still, it would seem that there must be something which comes between HER MAJESTY's Ministers and the defences of the country—else how can we account for this confessed neglect? The development of modern artillery and the weakness of our fortifications were as notorious three years ago as they are now, and yet nothing serious was even attempted until panic began to threaten the Ministry. So far from arranging for the manufacture of guns, the Ministry has not even taken steps to provide that guns could be made at need. We who can manufacture for foreign navies cannot turn out guns enough for our own under a period of years.

It is somewhat unprofitable to comment as yet on the cloud of rumours which are flying about—on stories that an admiral has been asked to draw up a scheme of coast defence, that a general has been asked to make a standard of stores, that a Third Army Corps is to be organized, &c. &c. We only hope that these are not the usual swarm of more or less delusive schemes which arise whenever a Cabinet is well scared by panic. Not having the means to decide we shall suspend judgment. Of one thing, however, we are quite sure, and it is that the Conservative Ministry has at this moment an opportunity to gain itself everlasting honour and do the country service by putting the defences on a proper footing. There is absolutely no need for lengthy inquiry by any Royal Commission, and we could perfectly well dispense with the body which is to be appointed during the Whitsun holidays to inquire at large again. The Intelligence Departments of either service could easily make an estimate of what is required to complete our supply of weapons of all kinds, and could draw up a scheme for their proper use. Our want at this moment is far less want of men than want of arms for them and want of organization. The country would most assuredly grant all the money needed, and would not care a straw whether it was obtained by way of loan or even out of the Sinking Fund, or in any other manner horrifying to pedantic financiers, who think their nostrums more sacred than the safety of the country. All it requires is that it should be told the truth honestly and asked for supply by trustworthy persons. If there is no ground for fear, then the Ministry can prove there is none; if there is, it can point that ground out. Let it come forward, make its demand, and defy folly in the House of Commons. The country is so ready to meet it halfway that even Lord RANDOLPH has discovered that he never wanted to cut down the Estimates. But in the absence of authoritative leading from those who ought to govern, it is not wonderful that the country is beginning to listen to shrieking alarmists, and we may again see the usual panic

quieted by the usual ill-digested measures and followed by the usual reaction of indifference and contempt. The alarmists are at present in full cry, declaring that there are no men, no guns, no ships, no nothing. They have their hearing for the moment, and serious attention is paid to critics of the stamp of the egregious person who declared the other day that the sun of England is about to set for ever because the Mediterranean Squadron is not equal in time of peace to the larger half of the French fleet, which has its head-quarters at Toulon. This gabble passes for the moment; but it is soon found out, and then the whole thing is dropped in disgust, the good with the bad.

CRICKET.

THE season is very young, but has already proved that Mr. GRACE can hit, as of yore, over the Grand Stand at Lord's, and that the Australians are a strong eleven. We need not be broken-hearted because they beat Surrey so terribly by an innings and 154, for the Surrey men were clearly "less noble than themselves." MAURICE READ and LOHMANN (who did better than most) had just come off a voyage, and it is of old experience that "nothing mars a man like the sea." Mr. W. W. READ was manifestly not in practice, and he was twice leg before wicket, both times to the bowling of Mr. TURNER. LOHMANN hurt a toe-nail, could not bowl after the accident, and had a man to run for him. Both he and MAURICE READ made some capital hits in the second innings, and it was a great pity that READ ran himself out. LOHMANN'S fall came in a peculiar manner. He was being bowled to by Mr. TROTT, who is slow, with a very great and manifest break from leg, something like Mr. NEPEAN'S. This kind of bowling is often very effective, though good bats soon learn all the tricks of it. One of Mr. TROTT'S tricks was to bowl a ball which apparently had not any break whatever, for when LOHMANN stopped it with his leg, he was not only given out, but admitted the justice of the decision. *Habemus confitentem reum.* No doubt the bowling of Mr. TURNER and Mr. FERRIS, with their batting, was the most remarkable feature of the match. Mr. TURNER hit uncommonly hard in his contribution of 104. If the bowlers can play such innings, one is inclined to argue, how strong the rest of the team must be. Mr. TURNER is a fast right-handed bowler; his delivery is not so high, nor his demeanour so menacing, as that of Mr. SPOFFORTH, but he has the same arts, the same curves, and occasional slow balls with a deceptive action. It was not easy, on Tuesday, to see much break on his balls from the roof of the pavilion, but there is enough; "twill serve." Mr. FERRIS is left-handed, with a high delivery, and it appeared to us that his balls occasionally "come in with the arm" from the off to the leg side, and at other times break back very fast off the ground from leg to off. In fact he is a very dangerous bowler, as Mr. TROTT may also be; while Mr. JONES is rapid, and promptly did what was needful for the Surrey tail—no very hard task so early in the season. The learned were inclined to think that, on a fine day at Lord's, Messrs. TURNER and FERRIS would one day find themselves mastered, and that the change bowlers would prove of little avail. MAURICE READ and LOHMANN certainly showed that the chief Australians can be hit to all the boundaries, as is the manner of all bowlers upon the fruitful earth. But they had then been at work for a considerable time. We must remember, also, that on wet wickets Mr. BOYLE was wont to be very useful; and of Mr. TROTT and Mr. JONES it would be rash to hold a contemptuous opinion. Taking their batting and bowling together, Mr. TURNER and Mr. FERRIS appear very good substitutes for Mr. SPOFFORTH and Mr. GIFFEN. Mr. BANNERMAN is batting as successfully as ever; Mr. McDONNELL has not forgotten his swashing blow; there is Mr. BLACKHAM at his old post, the wicket. It looks like a very strong Australian Eleven, and is perhaps free from some elements of internal dissension. Meanwhile Notts, after her hollow defeat of Sussex, looks very powerful. Perhaps M.C.C. has discovered a useful bowler in DAVIDSON, of Derbyshire. Mr. SIDNEY CHRISTOPHERSON has shown that he can hit, which nobody doubts; and thirty off nine strokes for Kent v. M.C.C. is "sharp work"—as Prince Bulbo said when he understood that he was to fight a duel with axes for the weapons. But Mr. CHRISTOPHERSON'S bowling at Lord's does not look very much as if he would imperil Australian wickets for the Gentlemen.

Indeed, the Gentlemen this year do not seem at all

dangerous antagonists. Last year they had Mr. GRACE, Mr. NEPEAN, Mr. FORSTER, Mr. ROLLER, Mr. BUCKLAND, and Mr. APPLEBY to bowl. It is said that a bowling freshman, not from one of the large schools, has arisen on the Cambridge horizon. He is certainly much needed. Mr. KEY is a tower of strength, and Mr. W. W. READ will doubtless get into practice. But the red and raving eye of imagination, when it glances down the dim future, does not see a very victorious Eleven of the Gentlemen of England.

Perhaps cricketers are not historically minded, and do not care to ascend the stream of time much beyond their own recollections. For others Messrs. SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN, LOWREY, & Co. have reprinted, as *Chronicles of Cricket*, old NYREN'S delightful book, LILLYWHITE'S *Handbook of Cricket*, and Mr. DENISON'S *Sketches of the Players*, which contains the documents of the early controversy about round-hand bowling. NYREN'S work has long been rare, and, like other rare books, hath a habit of escaping from its owner's custody. It is not every one who, like THOMAS A KEMPIS, can recall his lost books by miracle. Never was a better nor more pleasant book about cricket written, the tone of the *Reminiscences* is so honest, kindly, and unaffected. Most players know it only by extracts; we advise them all to read it, now it is within everybody's reach, and to play the game in the spirit of SMALL, DAVID HARRIS, and the other manly heroes of Broadhalfpenny. Mr. DENISON'S little book is not so rare but that five shillings will purchase it, or LOVE'S much older *Heroick Poem*, in the open market. But they do not often appear there, and when you have got them they take to themselves wings, like all things fair and fleet, going where the dead roses go. Consequently the publishers have done well to reprint NYREN, DENISON, and LILLYWHITE; they might reprint LOVE too, and BELDHAM'S "Handbook," which we have never been able to obtain. Moreover, the reminiscences of old cricketers might be collected by a careful editor; a few will appear in the "Badminton" book, but no regular search has been made among veterans of 1825-1845. A very pleasant work is within the reach of diligence and taste. The pictures in the new collection are unpleasantly rude results of some "process" or other, mere blurred shadows of portraits of the tall hat and braces period. In LILLYWHITE'S little treatise are some bold remarks. He bids bowlers try to make the ball "shoot." Except by a very low delivery, which has disadvantages many, "shooters" cannot be produced of set purpose, and they are now very rare except on wild rural grounds, where anything may happen. LILLYWHITE also says, "If you have to bowl at a batsman who is in the habit of shifting himself before his wicket, bowl well at his legs *below the knee*, and, upon hitting them, appeal immediately to the umpire at your end, and, if the ball is pitched in a line with the wicket, the umpire will give him out." He also says, "Practise taking a short run to deliver your ball, you will by so doing save yourself much unnecessary fatigue." This is not the advice of a distinguished contemporary authority—at least he recommends a pretty long run to slow bowlers. If the old *Hints by a Wykehamite and Felix on the Bat* were also reprinted cricketers would find them entertaining. Perhaps there is room also for a small volume of cricketing poems, though few of them are so good as Mr. PROWSE'S lines on ALFRED MYNN:—

Said the good old Kentish farmers, with a good old Kentish grin,
"Why there ain't a man among them as can match our Alfred Mynn."

The new edition of LILLYWHITE does not contain the portraits of Mr. MYNN, Mr. LANGDON, Mr. KYNASTON, and Mr. TAYLOR, but only of the four players, PINCH, BOX, LILLYWHITE (born 1792), and COBBETT. It concludes with advising M.C.C. to check the batters' habit of making "a hole" for placing the foot in, to the no small annoyance of their successors, and the constant inconvenience of the bowler. A complete Cricketer's Library of Antiquities would go into very little space, and, properly illustrated, would be a pleasant possession.

THE RAILWAY AND CANAL TRAFFIC BILL.

ALTHOUGH the Railway and Canal Traffic Bill is not free from objection in its present form, the amendments which are proposed on behalf of freighters who suppose themselves to have an adverse interest would make it infinitely worse. It will be the duty of the PRESIDENT of the BOARD OF TRADE to insist on the acceptance of the terms which have been settled by the Government. It happens that in this matter no political party is interested in the protection of the vested rights which are threatened with

partial confiscation. It is not true that in Parliamentary contests the Railway Companies, even when they are, as in this instance, unanimous, possess any considerable power. Almost all freighters and the majority of passengers have votes; while shareholders, though in one sense they are numerous, command comparatively few votes at elections. They cannot even trust to the sympathy and consideration of the professed champions of proprietary rights. Some of their most inveterate antagonists are county members and Conservative country gentlemen. It happened, unluckily for the Railway Companies, that in the exercise of their legal powers they came into collision with landowners and farmers. Some of their adversaries have never understood the merits of the questions in dispute, and many are more or less unconsciously biased by the demands of their rural constituents. It is not surprising that another section of the House, which is preparing for agitation against all forms of property, should profit by a popular prejudice which is directed against great industrial bodies. It is true that, in their corporate capacity, the Companies may be called powerful and rich. The actual owners of the property are, for the most part, petty capitalists, often dependent for their livelihood on the modest investments made in reliance on the security of Parliamentary engagements. The present measure differs but little from the Bill which passed the House of Lords in the Session of 1877, though one of its most reasonable provisions was this year expunged in the same House on the proposal of Lord JERSEY. It may be hoped that Sir MICHAEL HICKS-BEACH will not consent to the further mutilation of the scheme.

There is no question on which the Companies and their opponents differ more widely than the constitution of the tribunal to which railway disputes are to be referred. In all other kinds of litigation, except where matters of fact are submitted to a jury, or are by consent of parties referred to a non-professional arbitrator, lawyers are exclusively entrusted with the duty of interpreting legal obligations. Those who wish for unbiassed decisions by the most competent authority would place greater confidence in a judge of the High Court than in a Commission including a majority of laymen. There is not the smallest reason to suppose that a judge would be prejudiced in favour of the Companies, and on the other hand their assailants scarcely disguise their hope that lay Commissioners would be disposed to deviate from strict impartiality. The experiment of the existing Commission has been but moderately successful. One legal member out of three has not unfrequently found himself in a minority, when it is not improbable that he may have been in the right. That the Commission has never acquired the confidence of railway administrators is proved by the small number of cases with which it has dealt, yet some of its judgments affect interests of the greatest importance, and involve legal questions of great complication and difficulty. The Commissioners have habitually discouraged appeals, and their judgments would consequently have been final but for the inconvenient remedy of prohibition. By the new Bill the resort to writs of prohibition is abolished, but suitors will have the advantage of raising questions of law before the Court of Appeal. The findings of the Commission on issues of fact will be conclusive, even though the judge may have been outvoted by his colleagues. One of the lay members is to be qualified by his knowledge of trade and manufacture, and another must be familiar with railway business. They would both have been better placed as assessors of the judge. Experts are valuable as witnesses and sometimes as advisers, but they seldom possess judicial aptitude. There would be a great anomaly in the possibility that an eminent judge might be overruled by a retired manufacturer and a former railway manager. In many cases it would be difficult to separate issues of fact from strictly legal questions.

Many of the complainants still hanker after mileage rates, though they may be forced to content themselves with a more or less near approximation to a principle which is intrinsically vicious. The application of the rule would operate as a protective duty in favour of the nearest markets or places of production. No serious attempt will be made on the present occasion to prevent Durham from competing with Staffordshire or Nottinghamshire for the supply of coal to London; but the encouragement which judicious managers have afforded to struggling traders will be represented as a grievance. It is unfortunate that one result of a liberal and comprehensive policy seemed to constitute a preference in favour of certain foreign goods. The irritation which ensued was at the same time natural and unfounded, and it has

largely affected current legislation. It is doubtful whether a Railway and Canal Bill would have been introduced but for the supposed preference given to foreign produce when the rates were regulated by competition with the sea. The prohibition of the unpopular practice will cause some loss to certain railways, and it will hamper the business of traders; but the Protectionists will be disappointed, as the low rates will be continued when the traffic is diverted to the sea. The precedent will be used to justify further interference with the discretion of the Companies. The changes in the law which are necessary to prevent the cheap conveyance of imported goods ought to be carefully watched. As in still more important departments of economic legislation, the consumers are not represented, though their interests, for the most part, coincide with those of the carriers who bring the commodities which they require. If they insisted on their rights, schemes for restricting competition would be regarded with suspicion and distaste. The much more objectionable attacks on the property of the Railway Companies unfortunately receive much popular support. It seems useless to remind landowners that they are destined to be the next victims of the advocates of spoliation.

A compulsory reduction of rates might not be wholly advantageous to freighters. Parliament can deprive shareholders of the rights which they have purchased; but it can scarcely compel their directors and managers to continue the unequalled accommodation which English railways have hitherto offered. There will be almost unlimited room for reduction in the speed and number of trains when some of them can no longer be run at a profit. If it is expected that the Companies can be coerced into expenditure, the anticipation will be disappointed. The Board of Trade has frequently declined to relieve railway managers of their responsibilities, and any undertaking of the kind on the part either of the Board or of the Railway Commissioners would involve a transfer of the management of the railway. The present Commission has sometimes received applications for the enforcement of agreements to run trains at specified times in pursuance of formal agreements. A judicial body may enforce a covenant, but it is incapable of regulating traffic from day to day. A diminution of the goods or passenger service could scarcely be denounced as a breach of legal duty. It has never, except in a few cases for special reasons, been the practice of Parliament to prescribe the nature or extent of accommodation to be provided by the Companies. They are almost equally unassailable on the question of undue preference. It is not a little remarkable that they have seldom been even accused of such an offence. The alleged advantage which was supposed to have been conferred on certain foreign goods might have been effectually checked if it had in reality amounted to undue preference. In other cases dissatisfied freighters have often complained rather of the light rates charged to their competitors than of their own excessive burdens. It is quite right that undue preference should be forbidden. The legal meaning of the term is defined by a long series of judicial decisions. The Railway and Canal Traffic Act will not alter the meaning of the words or affect the validity of the rule which now prevails. The law is seldom brought into operation, because railway managers have no predilections.

The new classification of goods and of rates will be necessarily referred by Parliament to an authority somewhat less incompetent than itself. The Board of Trade will have a complicated task to perform. In the whole of the kingdom there are now in force not less than fifty millions of separate rates. On the operation of these the general managers receive constant reports from the members of their staffs, and modifications are incessantly made according to results. A chief rule of railway administration is that traffic shall be charged as much as it will bear. When a rate can be neither raised nor lowered without loss to the Company, it justifies the calculation on which it rests. In the great majority of cases the rate, as it is regulated by practical experience, is below the statutable maximum. The Board of Trade will probably not attempt to destroy the elasticity of the tariff; and, as there has been no question of augmenting the legal charges, it will probably propose in many cases to reduce the legal maximum. The application of an arbitrary limit to the amount of rates will be unjust where it is not inoperative. It would be idle to protest against a Bill in which all political parties are agreed; but it is perhaps not too late to protest against further relaxations of the fundamental doctrines of justice.

A PLEA FOR THE MUZZLE.

LORD CARNARVON raised a useful discussion in the House of Lords last Monday on the subject of hydrophobia. He reminded the House in feeling terms that, since the Committee of Peers presented its report in 1887, one of their colleagues had himself fallen a victim to the disease. The death of Lord DONERAILE, his unavailing recourse to M. PASTEUR, and the consequent doubt thrown upon the soundness of that great experimentalizer's conclusions, were a nine days' wonder, which has long been forgotten by the general public. Lord DONERAILE's social position, and his reputation in Ireland as a sportsman, made his case very conspicuous. But no class is exempt from this terrible plague, and while it continues to exist in England no pains should be spared to stamp it out. The present system, or want of system, is absolutely indefensible. A year or two ago there was a marked increase of mortality from hydrophobia in London. Inquests were held, coroners made strong observations, and it was agreed that, in spite of OUIDA, something must be done. The Commissioner of Metropolitan Police issued his famous muzzling order, which was carried out, with more or less strictness, for several months. The effect was excellent. The death-rate went down, the value of muzzles went up, and the nervous citizen began once more to feel secure. Then, of course, the cry of the canine sentimentalist arose, and prevailed. It was represented as wanton cruelty to muzzle dogs for the sake of protecting themselves as well as mankind from the ravages of a deadly complaint. Sir CHARLES WARREN withdrew the order, and things relapsed into their ancient state. The legal maxim that every dog must be allowed his first bite has been extended so as to give him the practical opportunity as well as the theoretical privilege. The Lords Committee, which took the best medical and scientific evidence, arrived without hesitation at the conclusion that rabies cannot be spontaneously generated in a dog. It must be communicated from another animal, and communicated by means of a bite. This fact not only reduces the question within narrow limits, but also points very plainly to the means of prevention, which in this case would certainly be better than cure, if cure were not unhappily impossible. If muzzling could be enforced with absolute stringency for a very short time, rabies in dogs and hydrophobia in men would cease to exist. They would become as extinct as the sweating sickness and the black death.

Of course, it is not sufficient to make the use of muzzles compulsory in London. The introduction of a single mad dog from the country might destroy the effect of a year's metropolitan muzzling. The law would have to be rigidly applied in every part of the United Kingdom without regard to local pressure or prejudice. The PRESIDENT of the COUNCIL, in his very unsatisfactory reply to Lord CARNARVON, referred to the probable action of County Councils under Mr. RITCHIE's Bill. But that is not enough. If all the counties in England except one adopted precautions, the one might do more harm than the rest would do good. There is already, as Lord CRANBROOK explained, power under the Contagious Diseases (Animals) Act for local authorities to make regulations. Some have made them, many have not. It must be admitted that Lord CRANBROOK's instances of successful extirpation are too few and too small to be very encouraging. The island of Réunion and a single district of Prussia are all the examples which the researches of the Privy Council can supply. But what the public would like to know is whether, in any circumstances, stringent measures have failed after an appreciable period of trial. The objection of cruelty to the dogs themselves is, as has often been shown, utterly preposterous. A wire muzzle is no more oppressive than a black coat in July, and far less so than a tall hat in August. If an intelligent dog were asked whether he would wear a muzzle or run the risk of catching rabies, there cannot be much doubt what his answer would be. Moreover, as we have said, the infliction, such as it is, would only be temporary. The extirpation of rabies, which would almost certainly follow it, would of course do away with its future necessity. The arguments for the muzzle are even stronger than the arguments for vaccination, being practically undisputed by competent judges. But, if any good is to be done, the Government must act, and must introduce a general measure. Lord CRANBROOK is the mouth-piece of permanent officers at the Privy Council, who are accustomed to regard the functions of a central department as severely restricted. The principle is, as a rule, sound. But there are exceptions to it, and one of them is the rational

treatment of a preventible disease. It would even be necessary to stop unmuzzled dogs at the Custom House on their arrival from abroad if assurance is to be made double sure.

MR. BALFOUR AND LORD RANDOLPH CHURCHILL.

WE are afraid that the Nonconformist ministers who presented Mr. GLADSTONE with their address of congratulation—or was it condolence?—the other day at the Memorial Hall, have minds not very accessible to any evidence, however powerful, which may tend to impugn the character or proceedings of their hero. Otherwise we might suppose that Mr. BALFOUR's absolutely crushing reply at Battersea to Mr. GLADSTONE's speech on the aforesaid occasion would surely make some of them a little uncomfortable. We will, at any rate, ask them—for though we have no sympathy with him that loveth and believeth a lie, we do not like to see a lie believed in by men who are much too respectable to love it—we will ask them, we say, to consider the legend of Mr. GLADSTONE's political virtue and moral nobility of character by the light, not of any argumentative process, however plausible or even to most other men convincing, but of the following plain, hard, easily verifiable, absolutely unassailable facts. Mr. BALFOUR's speech occupies nearly three columns of the *Times*. Almost the whole of it—and it does not, so far as we can see, contain a superfluous word—is taken up with the detailed refutation of injurious charges brought by Mr. GLADSTONE against the Irish Executive or its officers; and in every one of these cases, without exception, Mr. BALFOUR shows—on the testimony either of official records or of authorities favourable to the accuser himself, or of eye-witnesses to the facts to which they speak, and whose statements, if incorrect, could be contradicted by hundreds of other spectators—that Mr. GLADSTONE has been guilty of the grossest and most unworthy slander. He has alleged that "lads and poor men" have been imprisoned in Ireland for selling copies of newspapers of the contents of which they were ignorant. The records of their prosecution under the Crimes Act will show that a guilty knowledge was proved against them in every instance. He has alleged that the Crimes Act has been used not against crime, but against legitimate combination. Again, the records will show that the only combinations which have been struck at are conspiracies to boycott and conspiracies to carry out the Plan of Campaign, combinations which Mr. GLADSTONE does not dare to describe as either legal or moral, and the latter of which even Mr. PARNELL declines to defend. Mr. GLADSTONE asserted at the Memorial Hall that the crowd at Mitchelstown were attacked "under a pretence of a riot which was not a riot." A witness so favourable to him as the *Freeman's Journal* states distinctly that the mob "gave a wild exulting cheer, and burst after the police"; that the rioters who were not really rioters "kicked at least a dozen police helmets 'before them like footballs,' and that 'one poor creature 'in uniform, who appeared to be internally injured, was left 'to crawl alone to the barracks under a shower of stones 'and blows' from the peaceful crowd. Mr. GLADSTONE told the Nonconformist ministers that cavalry were sent by the orders of Colonel TURNER into the courtyard at Ennis to ride down the people assembled there. Colonel TURNER has stated, and no one has ventured to contradict him, that no single cavalry soldier penetrated into the yard at all, and that, of the two soldiers who got as far as the archway, one was a trooper advancing against orders, and the other his officer springing forward to check him. Mr. GLADSTONE denounced the Government for "evading and 'nullifying' the power of appeal under the Crimes Act by the 'mean, dishonourable, and discreditable trick of 'curing cumulative sentences,' and declared that, in the solitary instance of such a thing happening in his own time, it happened without the knowledge of Lord SPENCER, Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, or himself. Mr. BALFOUR shows, by a reference to the particular case, that it was impossible that Lord SPENCER, and almost incredible that Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN, should have been ignorant of it; and further that cumulative sentences were passed under Mr. GLADSTONE's administration over and over again. Last, and most monstrous of all, Mr. GLADSTONE has declared that the increase of sentence on appeal is a thing absolutely unheard of before the rule of the present Government. And it appears from a return imprudently applied for by Sir WILFRID LAWSON that an increase of sentence on appeal has occurred in every single year of Mr. GLADSTONE's two Administrations;

and that, while there is no year in which at least one such increase of sentence has not occurred, there are some years in which the number of such cases has risen to three or four.

Now we do not ask the Nonconformist ministers to recant their Gladstonianism rashly or without consideration. On the contrary, writing as we do on the morrow of Mr. BALFOUR's speech, we would rather that the Nonconformist ministers should reserve judgment till Saturday night. We should prefer this for two reasons—first, because Saturday night is the eve of Sunday; and, secondly, because the delay will give Mr. GLADSTONE time to adopt the course which, if he were the man the Nonconformist ministers take him for, he would decide upon without a moment's hesitation. It might be too much to expect of him to make any *amende* to his Parliamentary opponents, who, he may think, must take their chance of the truth or falsehood of accusations flung across the table of the House of Commons. But the last three of these refuted accusations directly impugn the character and conduct of persons altogether outside the Parliamentary game. The first of them imputes to a resident magistrate and retired military officer a lapse of judgment or a loss of nerve and head which, if it had really occurred, would have been calculated most gravely to discredit his capacity for such duties as he was then engaged in. The second charges the permanent officials in Ireland with having, unknown to and against the wishes of the Ministers whom they served, descended to "a transaction" which should receive the contempt of every honest man, "almost of every dishonest man." The third has been made the basis of the vilest insinuations of partiality, subservience, and almost corruption on the part of the Irish County Court judges. Here, then, are three persons, or classes of persons, whom Mr. GLADSTONE has been shown, in one case by uncontradicted evidence, in the other two by evidence on record, and, therefore, incapable of contradiction, to have most cruelly calumniated. If he does not, as we have not the slightest doubt that he will not (for we cannot profess to share Mr. BALFOUR's "curiosity" on that head), express one word of regret for having slandered them, then will the Nonconformist ministers, as persons who, to use Mr. GLADSTONE's own language, profess "to associate political action with the principles of our holy religion," seriously consider their personal relations to him before going into their chapels to discharge their religious functions to-morrow morning?

It is satisfactory to note in Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's speech at Preston a certain consciousness that there is that in his recent Parliamentary attitude which requires explanation. We shall be excused, perhaps, for treating what he had to say on this point as the most important part of his latest speech. His references to the situation in Ireland were unexceptionable in tone and spirit, and his comparison of the mission of the Duke of NORFOLK with that of Mr. ERRINGTON was particularly effective. Nor do we, at any rate, find much to complain of in his present mode of treating the question of the national defences; and we will even allow some force to his criticism on the particular means adopted for providing Mr. BALFOUR with the Parliamentary assistance he so undoubtedly requires. What we are chiefly concerned with is Lord RANDOLPH's attempted vindication of his speech on Mr. PARNELL's Irish County Government Bill—an attempt which we gladly recognize as a sign of grace, and which we should have been very glad to find adequate. In this important quality, however, it is unfortunately wanting. Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL has either missed or evaded the real objections to the premature demand for the extension of the local government system of reform to Ireland. It is not the "scandal argument" which he has to meet; and all the illustrations, therefore, which he draws from the London Vestries and the Metropolitan Board of Works are quite beside the question. Of what use is it to cite examples of the "scenes" which occur at London Vestries, or of the scandals which have compromised the reputation of the Metropolitan Board? The real objection to setting up a new system of local government in Ireland is not that it will be administered by rowdy, corrupt, or incapable bodies, but that it will put power into the hands of a class of men who will use it for purposes hostile to the Imperial Government and the legislative unity of the realm. If Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL could show that Londoners were disloyal before the establishment of Vestries and the Board of Works, and that they then became only noisy and ill behaved, the parallel which he institutes would have something to say for itself. But as he cannot show this, the precedents he appeals to are of no validity at all.

LAW AND POLICE.

THE campaign which was opened some months ago in the columns of this Review against the sale of indecent publications has since been conducted by the police with some success, and continues to produce satisfactory results. It is not perhaps desirable to go further into particulars now that the attention of the authorities has been thoroughly aroused. But the sentence passed by Sir ROBERT FOWLER last Wednesday upon an offender of this description, and the remarks with which he accompanied it, show that the City is not behind the rest of London in putting down a social pest. The Resolution unanimously adopted by the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. SAMUEL SMITH, proves that, in acting with vigour, the magistrates have, as Sir ROBERT intimated, the general sense of the community at their back. From time to time there arise cases such as that of EDWARD ROWDEN, which are most difficult to deal with in a manner adequate to the occasion. For five years this man, whom charity would assume to be insane, has persecuted with his insolent addresses Miss LANE FOX and her mother, Lady CONYERS. He has been sent to prison, once for six months, once for eighteen. But he no sooner comes out of gaol than he resumes his old habits, and his last performance was to send Lady CONYERS a libellous telegram about her daughter, which was, for obvious reasons, not read in Court. As Mr. GEORGE LEWIS, who appeared for the prosecution, did not ask to have ROWDEN committed on the charge of libel, but only that he should be bound over to keep the peace, Mr. VAUGHAN could do no more than fix the sureties at a high rate. But it seems desirable that by some means or other hardened offenders of this description should be permanently excluded from society, either in an asylum or a penitentiary. The case of ADELAIDE OTWAY, summoned for assaulting her husband, and damaging his hat, affords an amusing comment upon the sentimental sympathy which this lady's wrongs recently excited in certain quarters. Between Mr. and Mrs. OTWAY there is, from a moral point of view, not very much to choose. But, as he seems only anxious to keep the peace, while she is bent upon breaking it, the civil authority is compelled to decide in favour of the less turbulent sinner. Mrs. OTWAY's grievance, upon which the religious musings of the professional sentimentalist have been copiously poured, is that her one conjugal infidelity prevents her from obtaining a judicial separation from her equally unfaithful spouse. The point is a nice one, in SWIFT's sense of that term, and there may be something in the abstract to be said for Mrs. OTWAY's view. But a lady who follows her husband through the streets of London for the purpose of smashing his hat cannot seriously complain that he is not forbidden to associate with her. It is he who wants protection, and not she.

Two cases heard on Tuesday, the one at Marlborough Street, the other at Westminster, illustrate very forcibly the comparative estimate which the law—or at least its administrators—put upon person and property. Mrs. DENIS LEARY went on Monday last to the funeral of her eldest sister. Her husband was angry because she would not go into a public-house on her way home. When they got to their room, he turned out the children, and tried to throw her from the window. Through no fault of his own he failed in his attempt. He then seized a knife, and threatened to cut her throat. At this point, however, he thought of his own neck, and exclaimed, "I won't swing for you; I will kill you in another way." So he threw her down, jumped upon her, beat her and kicked her, until she became insensible. He had done the same thing before, and had six months for it. When he was arrested, he kicked and bit so that he had to be strapped down, and taken to the station on an ambulance. This brute received from Mr. NEWTON another sentence of six months' hard labour. Precisely the same punishment was inflicted the same day by Mr. D'EYNCOURT upon EDWARD BROWN. EDWARD BROWN's offence was stealing a coat, or rather trying to steal it. A less accomplished thief never stood at the bar. He pleaded guilty, and excused himself on the ground of poverty, the result of illness. Of course that was no excuse. It is a sin to steal a pin, and a crime, which is more in point, to steal a coat. Poor BROWN seems to be a very simple creature. He went into the coffee-room of the Alexandra Hotel and ordered a glass of sherry. He then went into the lobby and took a coat from a peg. It was not his coat, but General KENNEDY's. He might have taken it over his arm without being observed. But he tried to put it on; it did not fit, and the head-waiter detained him. It is impossible to defend BROWN's feeble effort at larceny,

and the waiter showed commendable promptitude in arresting him. Moreover, it appeared that Browns had once before taken the coat, not of a Major-General, but of a billiard-marker. A month's imprisonment would probably have been sufficient to cure so very timid a rogue of his larcenous propensities. At all events, we cannot help thinking, with all respect for the Service, that Mrs. LEARY's life, which must be in great and imminent danger when her husband comes out of prison, is more valuable than General KENNEDY's coat. LEARY, for some inscrutable reason, was tried for assault, instead of for attempt to murder. Penal servitude for life would not have been too much for him any more than for the poor, wretched woman to whom Mr. Justice CHARLES lately awarded that terrible sentence for unspeakable cruelty to a child. Six months for doing your best to kill your wife is, to put it plainly, a scandalous outrage.

FOREIGN IMMIGRATION.

THE question what to do with offensive strangers who arrive from distant parts without visible means of subsistence is becoming a somewhat anxious one in several countries at present. In Canada, even, there is some difficulty about it, and complaints are heard of the paupers who arrive from London with either no trade to work at or with no health to toil at what trade they have. In this case we ourselves are the offenders, but here at home we are in the passive voice. The evidence given before the Lords' Committee on the sweating system touches a great many subjects, and is as yet not exhausted. It may be taken to have proved already, however, that foreign immigration has distinctly aggravated a native evil. The sweater is a production of our own unquestionably, and has been developed by over-population and the unmerciful struggle of trade. Still, he has had improved opportunities since the Polish, Russian, and German Jews have begun to pour into the East End of London. He is able to tighten the screw still further; and the native workman, who suffers from the pressure, is naturally angry. Others than workmen are displeased at the presence of these filthy Jewish gabardines in such numbers. We imagine that the gentleman who learned from the evidence that a vest he had ordered had been "sweated out" in the East to a very low den must have been conscious for a moment of the feeling which children call creepy-crawly. It is certain that some effort to control the evil must be made before long.

For us the question is, however, mainly a police one; and, though not altogether simple or free from complications, is not unmanageable. In Australia it presents itself on a much larger scale, and is very capable of causing trouble between the mother-country and the colony, and very serious trouble indeed between England and China. The Australian Colonies have long complained of the flood of Chinese immigration which pours into them. They have requested the help of HER MAJESTY'S Ministers to keep it out, and, not having received any assistance, have acted for themselves. New South Wales has set the example of stopping the entry of any more Chinese. It will almost certainly be found that the other colonies will follow suit, with the resolution Victoria showed when it refused to allow English convicts to be landed at Melbourne. This determination is no matter for blame. The Australians are fighting for their lives, so to speak, and have a perfect right to refuse to be swamped by Chinese. The Chinaman is a very dangerous person in Australia. China, with its swarming population, is close at hand, and could very soon deluge all the colonies with Chinese in excess of the men of English race. Chinamen are not only thrifty and sober, but very clannish, and it is notorious that wherever they go they carry with them the organization of the secret societies, which are capable of giving them the unity of an army. It is not a probable, but is certainly a possible thing, that Australia might have one day to deal with a much more terrible version of the outbreak which nearly ruined Rajah Brooke's settlement at Sarawak. The Indian Government has always felt bound to keep a keen watch over the Chinese at Singapore. For these reasons, as well as because they bring down the rate of wages, and make life hard for Englishmen, the colonies are justified in excluding the Chinese. But, unfortunately, to this question, as to most others, there are two sides—there is the Chinese as well as the Australian side. If HER MAJESTY'S Government has been able to do nothing effectual for New South

Wales in this matter one reason may be that for a long time past it has been trying to come to an arrangement with China on a variety of questions of trade, suzerainty, and frontier rights. In most cases we are asking for something from China. Now, how can we demand concessions in the morning and ask the Chinese to agree to exclusion in the afternoon? The morals of that ancient people are dubious, but their diplomatic logic is excellent. We think we can imagine the perfect sweetness and courtesy with which the Chinese Ambassador would receive H. B. M. Minister who came to present the Australian demand. "Your Excellency," he might say, "will perceive the justice of my observation when I remark that the policy of excluding the outer barbarian is right or is wrong. Now, if it is right, how can your Excellency come and ask for leave to be given to your pushing countrymen to navigate the whole Canton River, and why have we been lectured because we objected to have our easy-going old customs disturbed by your puffing and panting and fussing? If it is wrong, how can the exalted justice of your Government reconcile itself to the exclusion of Chinamen from its dominions?" What answer could H. B. M. Minister make? It will, therefore, be seen that, if the colonies persist, the mother-country may find itself burdened with a most unwelcome dispute with a friend who may at a day's notice be vitally important to us in the Far East. Which, again, shows that managing the affairs of the British Empire is not an easy business.

UNIVERSAL ART CRITICISM.

ANNUALLY do the art critics flock to Burlington House and discharge the delicate task of estimating the artistic work of the year *en somme*. Progress is always presumed, and a verdict determined by some standard of average is arrived at. But what is the average? Averages differ according to the experience or ideal of the observer. This year, if we accept the judgment of a new Review, the show at the Royal Academy is uncommonly depressing. Possibly it is. But what is remarkable enough is that the indomitable critic is perfectly ready to indicate the right road of regeneration. Perhaps an assumption of omniscience is becoming in the oracle of a Review that styles itself the *Universal*. It is fitting that he should not fall into the empirical error of diffidence; and, to do Mr. HARRY QUILTER justice, he does not. He knows all about it. He can place an unerring, if not a pulseless, finger on the weak parts of the body artistic, and his diagnosis no man—unless he be a painter—is likely to dispute. Thus much, at least, is due to the frank expression of a really superb confidence. He declares that art never, never can be the "servant of fashion" or the "handmaid of falsehood," and then he lays about him to prove that art in England is largely subservient to fashion and falsity. Like art itself, his artistic faith is based on essential beauty and truth, qualities of universal and eternal appeal, and, "as I know," says Mr. QUILTER, "based securely." There is much consolation to the weak-kneed devotee in this infallibility. *Securus judicat orbis terrarum* might be Mr. QUILTER's motto, as it is that of the Apollinaris Company. To praise the efforts of good young men of stolid English proclivities, and to be the terror of established artists long ingrained in wicked ways, are the telling points of Mr. QUILTER's programme. Something of the sort has been heard before, and heard by inattentive ears. Nevertheless it is the burden of the old critic and the new Review. But, lest all our younger painters should rejoice prematurely in the strength of their advocate, the elect among them are indicated. These are they who do "quiet serious work," who boast not themselves of a little French education, and do not, from admiring M. CAROLUS-DURAN, learn to sneer at Mr. FRITH. Here be mysteries. Who would not think there was no better way of avoiding the "catch-penny trivialities" of Academic art—the "millinered babies" and "comic poodles" at which Mr. QUILTER righteously rages—than to acquire *technique* in the Paris schools, and a feeling for style and the serious from the examples of French masters? Alas, no! it leads to paltry sneers at Mr. FRITH's expense, and as patriots first, and lovers of art very much afterwards, the true-born Englishman weeps. Let, then, the graceless youth who admire French art mend their ways, or they will lose much universal patronage.

Now it may be very silly, no doubt, to sneer at Mr. FRITH, who is a painter of varied gifts and great popularity, but what can be said of a survey of this year's Academy which

ignores M. CAROLUS-DURAN and Mr. SOLOMON's impressive "Niobe," which slights Mr. SARGENT's "diabolically clever" portraits, and at the same time hints little but faults in, and hesitates incongruous dislikes of the work of Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, and Mr. ALMA TADEMA? There is more compensation, perhaps, in the notion of Mr. ALFRED GILBERT playing CELLINI to M. AUGUSTE RODIN's MICHAEL ANGELO, and Mr. QUILTER will find he is not singular in thinking it is a dreadful waste of good paint to smear it by the ton or so on an acre of canvas, in order to glorify a Scotch mist or a Scotch cow. All the same, it is hard to see why Mr. COLIN HUNTER should wince, or why Mr. QUILTER, like Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL, playing the art critic, should be for cutting down a man's *impasto* merely because he admires Mr. AUMONIER's excellent landscapes. This way regeneration does not lie. Still less is it to be sought in the awkward pleasantries with which the critic associates the works of Mr. TADEMA and Sir FREDERICK LEIGHTON. It may be a universal sort of wit, and it is beyond question abominably vulgar, to say of Mr. TADEMA—who never pretends to be universal—that his picture is "but a WHITELEY kind of 'Heliogabalus,'" and his conception of the incident such as might be expected of "a good decent father of a family who 'pays his butcher and baker.'" It may also be vastly diverting to learn from the President's "Andromache" that the painter's inspiration is not Attic, is not even Greek, is but derived from a "copybook Greece." Of course Mr. QUILTER is at liberty to think all this, backed by the authority of "my classical friend Mr. SACHEVEREL 'COKE';" but he might have devised a more excellent and mannerly way of expression. It is the oddest way of improving the public taste. There is a familiar apothegm—good copy-book Greek too—about the easy corruption of good manners of which no apostle in art or society ought to need reminder.

IRELAND.

OPINIONS may differ as to whether Lord RANDOLPH CHURCHILL's analysis of the causes of improvement in Ireland is correct in every detail, but there can be little doubt of the soundness of one of the reasons assigned by him as of the fact itself. The agitation is unquestionably wearing itself out by sheer force of ineffectual effort. This is not to say, of course, that the agitators themselves are exhausted, although it is evident that they have been considerably cowed; but it is becoming daily more difficult for them to work upon the people. The machinery of disorder cannot be kept going at high pressure without a liberal supply of fuel, and it is fuel—the fuel of success, real or apparent—which they now find running so distressingly short. Many weeks have elapsed since the Parnellites have gained even the semblance of a victory, and in the meantime blow after blow has fallen upon them and their cause. The Papal condemnation of the Plan of Campaign, Mr. PARNELL's practical repudiation of it, the imprisonment of Mr. O'BRIEN, the conviction and exemplary sentence passed upon Mr. DILLON, and, lastly, the judgment of the Irish Court of Exchequer affirming the legality of the increase of sentences on appeal—all these calamities have followed one upon another with almost bewildering rapidity. It is becoming more and more clear that the first and most unexpected has not been the least disconcerting of the series. Mr. O'BRIEN's attempted bluster about the Pontifical rebuke the other day before an audience containing several priests was very ill received and very promptly protested against by his sacerdotal hearers; and the brave words since used by MICHAEL DAVITT on the subject at a meeting at Liverpool do not amount to much. The persistency with which the agitators harp upon O'CONNELL's wholly irrelevant declaration that Irish Catholics would take their religion, but not their politics, from Rome, indicates pretty clearly that they dare not face the real difficulty of their position. It is precisely because the recent deliverance of the Holy See is not in political matter; it is precisely because all Irish Catholics are summoned by it to obey the injunctions of the Head of their Church on a point, not of politics, but of morality, and therefore, as they are bound to believe, of religion, that Mr. DILLON and Mr. O'BRIEN and the rest of them are making such desperate efforts to counteract its influence. If the action of LEO XIII. in this matter was really an

attempt at political dictation, and was so recognized by the Irish Episcopate and priesthood, it would not be worth the while of lay agitators to notice it at all. It is their alarmed appreciation of the fact that the bishops and clergy recognize this admonition from the Vatican as binding on their consciences, and know it to be their duty to impress it upon their flocks—this it is which makes the Papal Circular the staple of oratory for every Parnellite spouter who professes to despise it.

Nor is it only individual Parnellites who thus display their uneasiness. The entire Nationalist party, or what may fairly be described as such, has just made collective advertisement of its state of mind on the subject at the meeting just held at the Dublin Mansion House. The long and pompous preamble of the resolution adopted by the meeting reduces itself on analysis to the proposition, repeated in many different forms, that HIS HOLINESS has been misled as to the facts. It has already been pointed out by Catholics of authority that it is not permissible to an orthodox member of the Church of Rome to raise the plea at all; but, even if it were legitimate, the grounds on which it is sought to found it are ludicrously weak. The author of the resolution "ventures to affirm" that the allegations of fact which are put forth in the Circular of the Holy Office "could not have been promulgated under the authority of the Holy Office if statements so prejudicial to the Irish people had been tested by reference to the prelates of Ireland and the elected representatives of the Irish people." While they were about it, the resolutionists might as well have "ventured to affirm" that Archbishop WALSH is not at Rome, or that Monsignor PERSICO had never been to Ireland, or when there had never conferred with any Irish prelate or member of Parliament. It is, of course, perfectly well known, and to none better than those who now allege the "untested" character of the POPE's conclusions, that the very contrary in the case. It is notorious that HIS HOLINESS proceeded in the matter with the utmost care; that he was unwilling to act except after an investigation of the circumstances on the spot by a specially commissioned inquirer; that this emissary, so far from entering on his mission with any prepossession against the ecclesiastical promoters of the now condemned movement, actually provoked adverse criticism by the closeness of his intercourse with the chief of those persons, Archbishop WALSH; and, finally, that the Papal decree was not pronounced until the ARCHBISHOP had had an opportunity of arguing his case at the Vatican in person. If, after that, the POPE is to be declared wrong in his facts, we do not know how a judge's accuracy is ever to be ensured.

THE SMALL HOLDINGS BILL.

MR. JESSE COLLINGS'S Bill, which was amiably offered by him to the Government, is a fairly good specimen of a class of measure which often turns up in these days. It was, or is (for, thanks to Mr. MUNTZ, it is not dead, but only sleeps), designed to make some indefinite class of persons happy at the public expense and with no loss to anybody. The small proprietor is, and long has been, the object of Mr. JESSE COLLINGS's care. Let us be understood—not the small proprietor who is, but who is to be. To re-create the yeoman class in defiance of GOLDSMITH and experience is the ambition of the member for the Bordesley Division of Birmingham. This Bill was to effect the object by the usual mixture of compulsion and bribery. A Local Board was (for, after all, we are afraid we must use the past tense) to have the right, first, to make its mind up that small proprietors ought to exist; secondly, to use the rates to bring them into existence; thirdly, to choose the land it wanted and buy it at the market rate; fourthly, to secure its outlay on the land of the small holding. The small holder was to have the right to make a profit out of the holding if he could. Here, we maintain, was a very typical Bill, and its history was not unamusing. Mr. JESSE COLLINGS introduced it with a speech to show that a prosperous yeomanry was an excellent thing, and that various persons of his acquaintance would like to be prosperous yeomen if somebody would supply the capital—which we can quite readily believe. The Government was decidedly civil, and sent forward Mr. LONG to speak for it—Mr. LONG good alike to pass Local Government and kill Small Holdings. The Opposition, with its usual manners

and magnanimity, tried to spill poor Mr. JESSE COLLINGS by the Closure; but the Ministry rallied to his aid and made a House. Then Mr. MUNTZ came stoutly forward, and, complaining of the hardship of not being allowed to speak, repeated what had been said before till the hand of the clock pointed to half-past five, and the debate stood adjourned till—who knows when?

As for the arguments in the case, it is hardly necessary to examine them until we have first decided whether, as a matter of fact, a peasant proprietary can be made any more than a poet. We have no instance in which it has been made. The small proprietors of France used to be cited as an example to the contrary, but DE TOCQUEVILLE knocked that common error on the head long ago. As a matter of fact, the French peasantry were owners of the greater part of the soil of the country long before the Revolution, and what the nobles owned were the feudal rights. The peasants profited by the Revolution no doubt, partly because it abolished the servitudes on their land, and partly because it threw a vast quantity of land into the market which they were able to pay for out of their savings. They had been trained to make those savings by centuries of toil and parsimony. Their descendants to this day work harder and live worse than the worst paid agricultural labourer in England. If we are not to reject the evidence of almost all foreign observers, and the nearly unanimous verdict of native writers, this part of the population of France is almost incredibly brutal, sordid, and intent on mere money. Is this what Mr. COLLINGS wishes to see reproduced here? Doubtless not; but it is nearly useless to ask, because Mr. COLLINGS is simply in pursuit of a Chimera bombinans in vacuo, a black tulip, a blue rose, which he will never attain to; never, oh! never. What proves it is precisely this very simple fact—namely, that, if a peasant proprietary would answer in this country, it would exist already. There is abundance of land to be got quite cheap—the owners being only too glad to part with it—and if it can be made to pay, why is it not taken? A private Company to buy land and resell it could work at a profit. If Mr. BROADHURST's soul thirsts for the intellectual and healthy occupation of the small farmer, why does he not acquire a small farm? It would hardly cost as much as a single election. Mr. BROADHURST knows better. He is not ignorant that the small proprietor has to toil late and starve much to make little and even nothing, so he prefers the House of Commons. Other people who know country life seem to be equally wise, and so we have no yeomanry, except in a few places here and there, where habit and family pride (which can be quite as intense in a peasant as in a duke) keeps a small class obstinately toiling and starving on the soil.

THE CONSTITUTIONAL LAWYER.

WE do not desire in the brief remarks which we are about to make on the judgment of the Irish Court of Exchequer in *Father McFadden's* case to reopen the controversy which that decision finally closes. Nor do we intend to dwell in any hostile spirit on the bearing of this particular judicial incident on recent contentions in the House of Commons and on the platform. Common generosity, indeed, would forbid such a course. To dream within a few days of denouncing a particular course of procedure as not only monstrously oppressive but as without precedent in administrative history, and then to find out that during your own administrative career you have yourself created fourteen precedents to the same effect, must be a blow so cruel, even to men who have suffered many such blows of late, that no man of ordinary feeling would add to the distress of the sufferer by taunts. So far as the tender historical consciences of Mr. GLADSTONE and his colleagues are concerned we would prefer to use the judgment of Chief Baron PALLES and his brethren as a salve rather than an irritant. We would refer to it, if at all, in this connexion for the sole purpose of showing that the Executive policy which the Opposition denounced in such comic ignorance of the fact that it was their own policy as well is not so wicked as they naturally supposed it to be under the circumstances of their mistake.

Our present object is to draw from it a somewhat wider moral than any which it yields in connexion with Parliamentary attacks and recriminations on the subject of Executive policy. We should like to utilize the important judgment of the Court of Exchequer in the case for the explosion of what we may call the imposture of the constitutional lawyer. We do not say that there is no such

thing as a constitutional lawyer, as sceptics have been known to maintain of the international lawyer; but we do say that he is not to be found, in an effective form, within the precincts of the House of Commons, or, we will add, within the sphere of active political life. The constitutional lawyer, in relation to political controversies, means simply the man who invents party reasons for interpreting a disputed question of law. There are more ways than one, of course, in which he may proceed. He may—and this is no doubt the wisest course—affect to deal with the question as one of “dry law,” of the strict interpretation of Acts of Parliament or of judicial decisions. Or he may, like the (Parliamentary) constitutional lawyer of our day, rise nobly superior to all such grovelling methods, and, relying solely upon the contents of that expansive bosom in which the “principles of liberty” and “the spirit of the Constitution” are enshrined, pronounce at once, and without either argument or appeal, upon the question whether this or that construction of a question of civil or criminal law is “constitutional” or the reverse. Both these types have been typically illustrated in the recent dispute—the one by Mr. HOPWOOD, the other by the constitutional lawyer himself, Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT. Mr. HOPWOOD argued that a sentence could not be increased under the terms of a section “empowering a Court to confirm, vary, or reverse” the decisions of a lower Court, because the word “vary” came between the words “confirm” and “reverse,” and could not therefore import a higher power than that of confirmation itself. Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT did not chop logic in this way, but used the “one plain argument” that it was unconstitutional to increase sentences, and (ignorant, alas! that he himself had been a patron within the last few years of those distinguished judges) contended that none but a SCROGGES or a JEFFREYS, anxious to curry favour with the Executive, would add to the original penalty inflicted upon an appellant prisoner. The crowd of correspondents who followed in the wake of these distinguished disputants in the *Times* had each of them an affinity either with one or the other. Either they talked big about the principles of the Constitution, or they split hairs about the interpretation of 14 & 15 Vic. cap. 93, sec. 24. And now the Irish Court of Exchequer, consisting of three judges—L.C. Baron PALLES, Baron DOWSE, and Mr. Justice ANDREWS—who are the very last men on the Irish Bench to lean to an oppressive construction of penal statutes, have decided, with almost disdainful expedition, that the appeal in these cases is a “rehearing” (which, indeed, we had to remind Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT and his friends that they insisted on making it), and that in relation to such rehearing, as in relation to any other subject whatever, the word “vary” bears its natural meaning of to alter, and cannot be restrained to the signification of altering in one particular way. In other words, a judicial tribunal has declared the legality of the challenged decision of the County Court judges to be perfectly clear, and has made our “constitutional lawyer” look supremely ridiculous. We hope that the lay public, the next time he essays to teach them, will not forget the figure which he cuts just now.

COPYRIGHT IN AMERICA.

ALMOST simultaneously with the decision of an English Court (in the *Little Lord Fauntleroy* case), there comes the cheering information that the Senate of the United States has passed the CHACE-BRECKENRIDGE International Copyright Bill by the solid majority of thirty-five votes to ten. This Bill, introduced into the Senate by Senator CHACE, of Rhode Island, is identical with the Bill introduced into the House of Representatives by Mr. BRECKENRIDGE, of Kentucky; and there is every reason to believe that the Bill will pass the House as easily as it passed the Senate—if it can be reached this Session. As to this there is great doubt unfortunately. The Appropriation Bills, the Tariff debate, the pressure of an approaching national election—all these, and other causes, may combine to prevent the consideration of the International Copyright Bill. But, if it comes up, it will probably be passed without amendment. The public recommendations of President CLEVELAND make it certain that, when he receives the Bill from the Senate and the House of Representatives, he will sign it at once, and the United States will have made a beginning in the good work of protecting literary property, even when it is produced by a friendly foreigner.

If the CHACE-BRECKENRIDGE Bill should become law at this session of Congress, the popular English authors will

enjoy in the United States after July 1st a protection not unlike that now enjoyed in Great Britain by the popular American author. As it is the popular American author only who now benefits by the present British law, so it will be the popular English author only who will benefit by the proposed American law. It must not be forgotten that the English law is in a most unsatisfactory state, and that it is not for English writers to throw stones at the American law. No American book is protected in England unless it is published in England before it is published in America; and it is probably necessary also that the American author shall be under the English flag (say in Canada) at the time of this prior publication. All American books not published first in England are free to pirate; and articles in the *New Princeton Review* have recently shown how freely certain English publishers of the baser sort have availed themselves of this privilege. Under the provisions of the CHACE-BRECKENRIDGE Bill simultaneous publication is required, and also the deposit of two copies of the book, which shall have been composed and printed in the United States. This is a little, but not much, harder than the conditions imposed in Great Britain. Imperfect as the Bill is, it is a great step in advance; it is a recognition of an author's property rights in his own work; it will stop the habit of piracy; it will give stability to the American publishing trade; and it will be a stepping-stone to improvements in the future. For the present, it is the best that can be had. The American Copyright League, organized five years ago by Dr. EDWARD EGGLESTON and Mr. R. W. GILDER, the editor of the *Century Magazine*, and now containing on its rolls nearly every author in America, has been labouring steadfastly for a simple author's copyright, without conditions or formalities. At the suggestion of Dr. EGGLESTON there was organized this winter an American Publishers' League, headed by Mr. W. W. APPLETON and Mr. G. H. PUTNAM. Other Leagues have sprung up throughout the country, notably one in Boston, of which the chief spirit was Mr. ESTES, the publisher. "Authors' Readings" were given in New York and in Washington; meetings were held; articles were written; pamphlets were published; public interest was aroused. Then, on investigation and consultation, it was found that the Typographical Union, one of the most intelligent and powerful of the labour organizations, would oppose the original Bill of the League giving simple author's copyright, but would support cordially a Bill granting copyright on condition of re-manufacture in America. The assistance of the printers was valuable, and the Bill was modified in accordance with their views. As it stands now, it is a compromise measure, advocated by the authors, the publishers, and the printers of America. It was introduced into the Senate by Mr. CHACE, a Republican and a Protectionist, and into the House of Representatives by Mr. BRECKENRIDGE, a Democrat and a Tariff-reformer. As we have said, it may not be reached this Session; but this year or next, sooner or later, this Bill, or one similar to it, will surely become a law. "It is not by any means the kind of Bill that some of the 'earliest and most active friends of international copyright' would like to see," says the *Evening Post* of New York, which has always been one of the foremost advocates of the movement, "but it has the immense and overwhelming merit of being an acknowledgment of the right 'of foreigners to the enjoyment of literary property on 'American soil.' This is an exact statement of the condition of affairs. Indeed, the Bill is so very great an improvement on the present lawlessness that it is ungracious to consider its defects, obvious as they are.

BLACKTHORN WINTER.

AN inveterate custom of English conversation, combined with the engaging versatility of the English climate, from which the custom derives both its origin and its vigour, must be our excuse for devoting some specific attention to this branch of the English weather. The angler who visits Devonshire for the first time, before his perceptions become adjusted to the diminutive proportions of the Devonshire trout, will display his basket of troutkins to the landlord of his inn, observing discontentedly that the fish in these rivers seem very small. This, as a bald fact, is beyond the reach of dispute; but mine host will not submit without a struggle to the disparagement of the little creatures which contribute so largely to his receipts. "Yes, sir, they are small," he will reply, with an air of imperfect conviction; "but," he will add, with a certain mysterious significance, "you'll find them very sweet." In similar fashion we may observe, *mutatis mutandis*, of the blackthorn winter that, though small, it is peculiarly bitter.

This bitterness is chiefly due to its occurring at such an abominably inconvenient time. As a mere replica of winter on a small scale there is nothing the least original about it, and nothing specially distasteful. Its offensiveness lies rather in the time than in the season. It is true that we ought to be prepared for it, if only by reason of the melancholy regularity with which it recurs; but some hope, the hope which springs eternal in the human heart, tempts us year by year to cherish the fond fancy that we have got rid of the winter by the middle of May.

It seems to be established, as a matter of meteorology, that a spell of cold may always be expected between the 13th and the 20th of May, and with a punctuality worthy of better things it rarely disappoints us. May, as we all know, is the merry month, and this little arctic visitation is admirably calculated to make the Englishman take his merriment with all proper sadness. All sorts and conditions of men are affected by it. The undergraduate (for he too is a man) has been training for the previous three or four weeks with much enthusiasm and a certain amount of abstinence for the "Eights" or the "May Races," as the case may be. During the hot week which constantly ushers in the early days of training, the abstinence has been extremely irksome, but the enthusiasm has carried him through. A little cold weather is not altogether unwelcome to a man whose daily allowance of liquid is suddenly reduced by a half. But when familiarity has reduced this privation to a position of comparative contempt, warm weather does much to alleviate the small miseries of rowing, and to spectator and oarsman alike is of the first importance for the races themselves. This being so, it is a matter of considerable and not entirely silent regret that these sports should take place when the thorn is white with blossom.

This bleak period often comes rather hard upon the angler also. Now the angler is a gentle creature when he is not breaking through hedges, or trampling over hay-fields, or trespassing, or poaching. But, though he is a sort of horn lamb amongst men, Providence does not invariably temper the wind of the blackthorn winter for him. On the contrary, he too often finds that a balmy north-easter will effectually temper the rise of the May-fly, and keep the trout sulking on the bottom during the two precious days which he has stolen from his work.

Indeed the blackthorn winter is no respecter of persons. Like the gentle rain from heaven (which often accompanies it), it falls alike upon the just and upon the unjust, a reflection which at once recalls some of the livelier associations of the Bank holiday. In the abstract, perhaps, philanthropy may feel a generous regret when the Golden Numbers ordain that Bank holiday shall coincide with blackthorn winter.

Not content, moreover, with plaguing us directly, the blackthorn winter deals us an indirect blow through the vegetable kingdom. The sudden crop of colds, coughs, throats, and so forth, which its genial influence calls into life, disappears and is forgotten when the tardy summer actually comes. But the ruined crop of fruit blossoms, which it often contrives to nip, will preserve its melancholy memories for us right into the autumn. This misplaced confidence in a few early days of treacherous warmth, which commonly proves fatal to the fruit tree, produces an analogous though less deadly effect upon what may be described as human botany. In spite of the doubtful advantages which reason may confer, mankind are still content to copy the lower creation in many important respects. In the matter of clothing we imitate the plant at a respectful distance; and, though we lack its praiseworthy uniformity of flower, we have an irregular flowering season of our own at much the same time. In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns on his tailor's assortment of new patterns. Ladies in their own line do much the same thing—only, of course, more so; and in ladies the gradual process of flowering is more easily observed. To them, as to other flora, the blackthorn winter comes as a malign influence; and, though happily it is not invariably fatal, it produces a curious state of arrested vegetation.

Finally, we may observe that one of the most injured victims of the blackthorn winter is the blackthorn itself. It is hardly necessary, even in this age of "affinities," to remark that there is no connexion whatever between the two, except coincidence in time; and it is really hard on this pretty blossom to be execrated as the last relic of the dying winter, instead of being hailed as the harbinger of the summer which is at hand.

EXTRACT OF AMBROSIA.

THE practice of cheaply reprinting classics is a very excellent one, and one as to which, despite many things recently done, England is far behind France and Germany. Any one at all acquainted with English literature would have no difficulty in reeling off by the score the names of works and authors of interest and merit, sometimes of very great interest and merit, that are unobtainable except by search through the second-hand book-sellers' shops, and then only in grubby copies, which do not even appeal to the factitious sympathies of the bibliophile, and are very distinctly repugnant to the simple and natural tastes of the book-lover. But, if there are to be reprints, let them be good of their kind; and this we cannot quite say of a selection from the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* (London: Hamilton Adams & Co. Glasgow: Morrison) which has just appeared and lies before us. In the first place, the publishers have prefixed a "Prefatory Note" which is one of the greatest curiosities of literature in a small way known to us. By what kind of person it can have been written some experience of many kinds of writers and the exercise of brains (which

perhaps too partial friends have considered to be not absolutely sterile) fail altogether to inform us. Whoever he was, the author knew very little about his subject. He does not know that Wilson's taking to the Scotch Bar was not "in accordance with a custom among gentlemen of independent fortune," but because he had lost his fortune; he does not know that the *Noctes*, instead of "beginning to appear in March 1825," only "begin" at that date to be reprinted by Professor Ferrier in the usual edition, and had been going on for years. He thinks that "he was appointed editor of *Blackwood*," which we have Wilson's own positive statement that he never was. But his knowledge, or his want of it, is not so wonderful as his style, to which the "round mouth" of Christopher himself, and not the pinched lips of this ghastly, thin-faced time, would be needed to do justice critically. "And no less," says this wonderful person, "was his genius shown by the production of an English poem for the Newdegate prize of 50*l.*, in which he was the successful competitor." "In having studied Scots law, however, it was not with the object of a profession." "The amount of interest their appearance excited has few parallels in Scottish literature, being read with extraordinary avidity." "Questions of politics, science, and other affairs that have now passed out from that stage from which they were viewed fifty years ago." How can you avidly read an interest? would be a sufficiently interesting question if its interest were not eclipsed by the other. How can a thing be at once on a stage and viewed from that stage?

However, the astonishing thing (which has more the air of a prize parish school essay than of anything else) is only a few pages long and may be skipped. The reprint itself would be welcome *simpliciter* if it merely reproduced in a cheaper form the current edition of Wilson's part of the *Noctes*; and would be welcome, not *simpliciter* at all, but with effusive expressions of gratitude, if it gave the whole series, including those earlier *Noctes* which Ferrier excluded altogether because he was not sure what Wilson wrote in them, and those parts of the later which he excluded as not Wilson's. But it is only a selection of extracts; a fairly full one, comprising more than three hundred good-sized and well-filled pages, but still a selection. And after turning it over we are confirmed in the opinion from which an earlier selection, made, we believe, by the very capable hand of Mr. Skelton, failed to convert us, that the *Noctes* cannot properly be shown in this way. They might, perhaps (though we are not sure even of this), be "sampled" for a generation intolerant of length by giving a few whole nights. But it is part of the merit of the originals that their quips and cranks, their desultory meanderings here and there, all hold together by a certain genuine literary connexion, and that mere scraps, mere *pammi*, cannot be torn away without losing half their brilliancy and humour, without, indeed, in some cases becoming nearly unmeaning. Especially is this the case with the more extravagant flights. Even in the original, and when the reader has been put in the right key by the context, such extravaganzas as Tiekler's sport with the eagle, pike, and red deer at Dalnacardoch, as the Shepherd's mystical adventure with the Bonassus (obviously turning on some cryptic local and temporary jest which even Ferrier could not or would not explain), and as his adventures in the character of an African lion are rather "steep." Read by themselves we should fear that they are only too likely to confirm the common and almost universal, but most mistaken, idea that the *Noctes* are mere wildernesses of boisterous undergraduate gaiety, with which ladies and gentlemen of a refined age cannot be expected to sympathize.

Still of that charity are we that we always recognize in any such book at least the possibility of its directing to the original some one who would otherwise not have been directed, and for this deed that it may possibly do we would not take the life even of a book prefaced by such a note as that from which we have quoted, devised on a principle which we cannot approve, and subject to the further charges of neglecting chronological order altogether, and of not giving the numbers or dates of the particular *Noctes* extracted from, so that the ignorant may trace the context of each if they desire to do so. We forgive all this—at least as Christians—in consideration of the possibility just referred to, and of the further fact that it is pleasant to turn over the pages, and even in this jumbled condition to recognize parts of one of the most thoroughly refreshing books that exist anywhere.

For this is what the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* really are to any one who has not the singular and, we think, purely nervous failing of being disgusted by the mere appearance of dialect in a book. We do not pretend to see in this dialect the charms which no doubt it possesses for natives of what Mr. Gladstone (was it not?) somewhat unhappily referred to as "the Land of the Leal." "Might" is not more beautiful to us for being spelt "micht," nor a fool much more comfortably contemptible when he appears as a "fule." But if it does no particular good (it sometimes does "crisp" a jest a little), it does no harm, and is perfectly intelligible to any tolerably rational and well-read person who knows his Scott (which whosoever knoweth not without doubt he shall perish everlastingly) and is not quite ignorant of his Burns. Then there is the extraordinary variety of the book—a variety which no doubt appears less when it is cut up into extracts in this way, and the loss of which is another argument against the extract system. Compared with the dreary twaddle of which *Friends in Council* set the fashion, and in which a certain number of prigs talk after their kind on set subjects, the lawless vagabundity of the *Noctes*—from painting to politics, from literature to leapfrog—has all the freshness and variety of actual conversation. Perhaps the parts of it of which Wilson

would himself have been most proud, the elaborate word-painting and sentiment which he mostly (to atone perhaps for liberties of other kinds) puts into the mouth of the Shepherd, are the least attractive now. But even they have no little charm of their kind, and sometimes rise to eloquence not less artful and a great deal more natural than our post-Ruskinian rhapsodies. A good deal of the by-play, the local colour, the temporary allusions, and so forth, is no doubt uninteresting enough; but it must be remembered that all this can always be skipped when presented *in extenso*, while not unfrequently there are links and stepping-stones in it which it is impossible to include in an extract, and which yet are wanted for the comprehension of the parts extracted. The eating and drinking are both stupendous and terrible, but the present extractor has been wise not to shun them altogether. For only fancy a Barmecide *Noctes*—Ambrose's without oysters—a kettleless snuggery! Yet there are some who would, they say, prefer them.

The extractor, happily, is not of these, and gives us, for instance, the capital "Dinner in the Forest," from one of the latest *Noctes*, but in one of the earliest extracts. And a very casual selection from the selection will show how much else there is. The curious passage in which Wilson develops his ideas about *Faust*; the description of the eagles' nest in Glen A'an; the apology for pugilism, in which Christopher puts all his own science; the "Defence of Socrates," in which he makes the characteristic mistake of confusing Taylor the Platonist with Taylor of Norwich; the agreeable passage (ending, it is true, with a rather full-flavoured Ambrosianism) on Ganders; the comparison, in an unusually good piece of criticism, of Wordsworth and Cowper; the great Swimming Match out into the North Sea; the exceedingly curious description of Christopher's habits of composition, an odd compound of exact autobiography and wild extravagance; the famous passages on Burke and Hare; the fragment, really profound for the author, on the desire of posthumous fame; a dozen passages at least in the Sporting Jacket vein—but we are getting into a sentence as long as one of Clarendon's, and that only with a few of the comparatively few extracts given here. Let us, therefore, sum up by saying that every one who is not a prig, or a milkop, or, as the *Noctes* would themselves say, a "Sumph," or a superior person, or anything else pestilential, should read the *Noctes*. Let him, if 'twill no better be, dip into this or another extract book first, and then into the wider original. If he, being not one of the above, cannot enjoy them, let him be very sorry and rather humble; if he can, let him not be exalted unduly, but grateful and jocund, as at a permanent and profitable investment. For the *Noctes* make one of those rare books, not by any means always of the first order of literature as literature, to which, when a man has once obtained the key or by good luck inherited a key naturally, he can constantly return for rest, delight, and refreshment. Such books are, we say, rare; they are of very different kinds, and all of them do not fit all cases. But it has been justly said that it is to them, and to them only, that the famous phrase "When a new book appears I read an old one" applies, and that no one who does not practically understand that phrase knows what the real delight of reading is.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

II.

IN our first article on the subject we had to point out what seemed to us the shortcoming of the Academy. It is a pleasant task to find out what is good in it; and, in spite of its depressing general aspect, there is much. Once accustomed to the prominent rubbish due to the system of hanging and aware of its "habitat," one passes it over, and receives a more agreeable impression of the show. It is but just to speak first of the large figure-pictures, compositions which demand from their authors, in addition to natural gifts of eye, some knowledge of pictorial effect, of the organization of masses of colour on a large scale, of the science of grouping, and of the effects of handling in treatment. We have this year a notable example of the realistically romantic from Mr. Solomon and of the classically decorative from Sir Frederick Leighton. Whilst a great revival of technique on the lines of Velasquez, Hals, Rembrandt, has taken place among Frenchmen, it would be absurd to deny that many of their experiments in treatment have led to bad results. In their large pictures it must be admitted that the Old Masters wisely sacrificed to a decorative ensemble, and the practice of some modern Frenchmen tends to show that the unmodified application of lately discovered realistic formulas to large canvases is rarely successful. In the action of colour on the eye what is true of small is not necessarily true of large quantities of the same stuff. In two or three feet of Corot the eye unconsciously embraces an atmospheric unity of tone. Make a Corot of twenty feet and you would have vast stretches of bald local tint, which at the proper distance would scarcely be strong enough to suggest luminous and vibrating aerial colour. We all know pictures in which the mechanical enlargement of fresh, grey, atmospheric schemes of colour has resulted in dreary wastes of professional French grey. The practice of mechanically enlarging the handling of a "pochade," as well as its areas of colour, often helps to complete the disillusionment. When huge realism succeeds, it is owing first to the choice of a possible subject, then to a tasteful modification of handling, a powerful mixture of the components of tones, and a most careful

attention to the breadth of masses and their effect on each other. It will be seen that, in so far as Mr. Solomon attempts realism, he has set himself a difficult task. The subject is well chosen; the narrowness of the canvas and the upright swing of the fine composition secure a valuable concentration of interest; the light and shadow are divided into effective quantities, and the colour is atmospheric without being weak or slaty. The modelling, too, is good, especially in the prostrate half-nude figure, and if there is any useless prettiness of colour or feeble realization of form, it is in the group of huddled figures on the right. All things considered, "Niobe" (712) may be called the finest of Mr. Solomon's large compositions. The taste of the day still sets towards realism; but it would be a matter of regret if so dignified and complete a picture as Sir Frederick Leighton's "Captive Andromache" (227) should not meet with due appreciation. In the first place, it ought not to be compared with any of the good examples of French realistic art to be found in the gallery. It would be most unfair to look for the mystery of real light, subtle realistic reliefs or romantic envelopment of objects, in a picture which is purely decorative in aim. It is, however, no easier to organize a large scheme of decoration than a large realistic figure subject, and few painters could have done it with such consistent loftiness of style. To obtain this suavity of line, this excellent proportion in the grouping of so many elements, requires both continual study and immense natural faculty. As a draughtsman in line few can compare with Sir Frederick Leighton. Indeed, a little attention will reveal a beauty and refinement of line which alone do much to give this picture its noble unity of effect. The President is not quite an inspired colourist, but in this case his colour is well thought out, broad, and, as a whole, effective. His treatment of drapery is less stringy than usual, and the smoothness of his handling conceals no bad or feeble modelling. We cannot help feeling that the somewhat brown waxiness of colour in one of the foreground groups would be less apparent were the same pigments put on with a freer and more evident touch. Anything like the clever and marked workmanship of Messrs. Carolus-Duran or Sargent would be, of course, out of keeping here; but the soft, sinuous touch which Rubens sometimes put, without any brutality of impasto, on to the top of a thin rubbing, might have strengthened and revived the whole work.

Mr. F. Goodall sends two ambitious canvases, one of vast size, "By the Sea of Galilee" (329), and one of moderate dimensions, "David's Promise to Bathsheba." He is very fond of getting the texture of a tallow candle in his flesh, and perhaps its characterless roundness also influences his views of human anatomy. Mr. Long's "Crown of Justification" (453) is still more wooden and commonplace in form; but the worst picture in the Academy—"Nelson leaving England for the Last Time" (1055)—comes from Mr. Eyre Crowe. And yet it is difficult to refuse that honour to Mr. Laslett J. Pott's "All is Vanity" (1049). As if to show that, however bad an original may be, an imitation is always worse, this painter contrives to get both false tone and more disagreeable colour than Mr. Pettie, whom he copies. To return to decent work, Mr. J. W. Waterhouse hardly succeeds so well with his out-of-doors subject, "The Lady of Shalott" (500), as he did last year with "Marianne." The picture is very able, but unfortunately brutal and unromantic in treatment. Compared with many of the foregoing, Mr. Alma Tadema's "Roses of Heliogabalus" (298) is a small work; yet it entirely lacks the organization which we admired in "Niobe" and "Captive Andromache." It may be a good thing to hide one's efforts at composition, but not to the extent of incomprehensibility and confusion. Mr. Tadema would seem to have gone on the principle of wall-papering—namely, that the design should be concealed. There is no reason why his picture should not be indefinitely prolonged; no one could tell how often the pattern was repeated. Yet we find buried here admirable studies of heads and still-life pictures of marble, metal, furniture, and stuffs, executed with a technical power as astonishing as that of any living man. Mr. Watts's "Dawn" (173) is a stately figure, painted with more certainty than usual, and, though scarcely subtle in colour, it is less spotty than many of his works. Mr. Orchardson, in "Her Mother's Voice" (286), shows his usual art and, we are sorry to say, his usual elements of composition, minus a pink shade to his lamp. Mr. F. Dicksee has put plenty of expression into the figures of "Within the Shadow of the Church" (5). He has drawn them well; his technique, too, especially in the tree and the rose-bush, is efficient of its kind; and the light and shadow are broadly massed; but he has, somehow, failed to put the stamp of reality on his picture. Mr. Marcus Stone is more conscientious this year; he has some good work, especially in the landscape parts of his pictures, "In Love" (236) and the little diploma work "Good Friends" (171). Mr. Seymour Lucas displays little vigour or enthusiasm in the painting of "St. Paul: the King's Visit to Wren" (648); he produces fair, but commonplace, workmanship, which no one would stop to look at were it not for the subject. The poetry of painting, like the poetry of language, consists in the treatment rather than in the subject. No more than in literature do the mere threadbare facts of a story, of observation, of science, or of morals constitute artistic emotion. The same statement may be made baldly or poetically. If you translate Milton's "Avenge, O Lord!" you have but the text of a common Scotch sermon. Now half the pictures on the line, however loftily their titles may sound, suggest nothing more forcibly than the painted tin and wood of the toyshop, and they are accepted by the public in the same spirit that children accept

toys—anything will do for a make-believe provided it has the right name. It must be admitted, on the other hand, that, as it is impossible by teaching to make a man really feel the connexion between sentiment and the resources of style, only too many artists educated in schools of style must learn their mannerism as a formula. Though this may result in pictures that are wearisome when seen in numbers, it tends any way to produce a fair style of decoration for houses, and to provide the great genius, when he comes, with an efficient tool ready to his hand. In "Fish Sale, Polperro" (537), Mr. Mouat Loudan has considerably fallen off. The style he employs was invented many years ago in France to give the taste of actuality by subtle aerial reliefs, to allow the important masses to emerge from the feeble chaos of detail, to make sure that the impression of the artist should strike the spectator more forcibly than the mechanical labours in which he rivals the camera. But, if Mr. Mouat Loudan's values are weak, his planes confused, and his impression non-existent, his picture at least possesses a unity of colour and a tranquillity of tone by far more decorative than the equally flat, still more false, and clamorously garish works of the bad Academician. There is no occasion to mention works similar in style to Mr. Mouat Loudan's, which are no more sound than his. Mr. Stanhope Forbes, in "The Village Philharmonic" (1,143), and Mr. Bramley, in "A Hopeless Dawn" (351), have not done wrong to leave grey effects alone for awhile, and seek some of the mysteries of deeper tone. Mr. Stanhope Forbes's composition, by the way, is more scattered and less effective than Mr. Bramley's. As usual there are plenty of Venetian subjects, of which the newest and most vigorous is perhaps Mr. R. H. Blum's "Venetian Lace Workers" (49). Mr. H. Woods gets a fresh and brilliant daylight in "Saluting the Cardinal" (213), which is far from unpleasant or untrue. Mr. H. S. Tuke, in "Land in Sight" (82), gives the action of the red-haired skipper starting up, his expression, the tint of his hair, the modelling of his face with great refinement and scarcely any trace of mannerism. Mr. Schmalz's "Faithful unto Death" (542), a number of buxom Christian girls waiting for the lions, may be supposed to belong to the modern school of technique. It is, however, perfectly flat, and the crowds in the amphitheatre are made out with a hard and stupid insistence of delineation which takes away all the charm of suggestion. We cannot, however, pass over two finely executed pictures which certainly belong to two different but high orders of technique. Mr. J. L. Gérôme's perfectly elaborated and yet freshly coloured little gem, "Le Barde Noir" (205), is a masterpiece of small cabinet picture finish. The other picture, Mr. A. Aublet's "Turc en Prière" (433), is drawn and modelled with a fine precision and sureness of touch which do much to relieve the dullness of the subject. "A Love Letter" (81), by Mr. F. D. Millet, and "In Time of Peace" (68), by Mr. K. Gemmell Hutchison, are pictures which, although painted with a less obvious style than many, contain an excellent study of expression, good drawing, and a conscientious respect for the real aspect of a scene. Other work, executed with a like sincerity of purpose, as well as further examples of fine handling and educated technique, will be easily found, though we cannot mention them here. Enough has been said of the various sorts of figure-painting; it only remains to say in general that a much higher level of treatment and workmanship is reached in portraiture than in the figure-subject. The better schools of technique still lean on Nature, and will not trust themselves to paint what they cannot actually see. Certainly this is a respectable fear, but it tends to make art dull; and there is no reason why the few who have imagination should stay in the high road with the many simply because it is the fashion. At any rate, as far as style is concerned, the four or five best works in the Academy have yet to be spoken of when we come to deal with the portraiture.

THE OPERA.

IN these days, when the natural exhibition of emotion is as a rule the aim of those who interpret character on the stage, the purely conventional performance of opera seems particularly quaint. Operatic singers, with very rare exceptions, have an ideal of their own, which is based strictly on stage tradition; they carry out the set business of their parts, and are quite contented and happy. As regards Covent Garden, which opened on Monday for a season of Italian opera—or, to speak by the card, opera in Italian—under the management of Mr. Augustus Harris, it may be urged, as an excuse for performers, that the size of the theatre necessitates a certain breadth of treatment, as the delicate effects which would tell on a smaller stage would here be lost; but, admitting this, the fact remains that the representatives of the leading characters of opera only on the rarest occasions show any disposition to think for themselves. They have been taught their parts, where to stand and what to do, and one after another they go through the same routine—a species of drill. Every experienced opera-goer knows precisely what is coming whenever any of the familiar works are put up for performance. Take, for instance, the great scene of *Lucrezia Borgia*, with which composition the season began. The Duke sits at the left-hand side of the table in the very scantily furnished apartment which does duty for a mediæval justice-room. The Duchess sits on the opposite side. Gennaro is led in through a door on the left; the Duchess gives an

exceedingly pronounced start, on seeing which the Duke turns to her with anger and suspicion in his mien. Whoever has seen *Lucrezia Borgia* of recent years has seen all this and the rest which follows; it is always exactly the same; but why should it be so? When managers produce *Hamlet* the tragedy is not invariably presented in precisely the same way. Why does no one think out new, natural, and varied methods of representing opera? Mr. Harris—let justice be done him—has ventured to depart from tradition in one respect. The Duke's room has mats before the door! So far as a long and careful observation of opera goes, we are inclined to venture the opinion that this is the first operatic potentate who ever had mats in his palace. We believe they are quite wrong; and we are not sure about the suits of armour with which the chamber is decorated. Still there is a departure here from set traditions, and we welcome it.

Of course we know what the manager's excuse would be for representing opera according to regulation. There is no time for rehearsal. The same "business" is followed all the world over, so that whether at Madrid, St. Petersburg, or New York, a *Lucrezia* or a *Gennaro*, a *Leonora* or a *Manrico*, can take up the character and fit it into the various scenes. Reviewers, however, are not specially called upon to study the necessities and conveniences of managers or singers. It is only with the effect of the performance that the critic is concerned, and we think that readers will agree with our protest against following placidly and contentedly year after year the well-trodden ways of operatic tradition. There must always, no doubt, be something artificial about opera; but why not strive to make it as little artificial—that is to say, as natural—as circumstances and conditions permit? There is surely no psychological reason why singers in opera should be very much stupider than those who act without singing?

As for the performance of *Lucrezia Borgia*, there is very little to be said about it. Mme. Fürsch-Madi has a voice, is a well-trained singer, and knows the part as it is taught to its representatives. Very much the same may be said of Signor Ravelli, who was the *Gennaro*, and of Signor Navarino, the Duke. Mme. Trebelli has remarkable artistic impulse, and is out of sight the best of Maffeo Orsinis. Her voice retains much of its beauty in spite of the long years which have passed since she first made a great reputation. Perhaps there is no more perfect exponent of the Italian school of singing than this French artist. The orchestra was a little coarse at times—instrumentalists are apt to play this easy score somewhat perfunctorily—but better work was done on Tuesday when *Carmen* was given, with Mme. Nordica as the heroine, Miss McIntyre and M. Etienne de Reims as Michaela and Don José. The *Carmen* was a little disappointing. The character must have attracted Mme. Nordica, or she would not have played it; she has evidently studied it with care, but she was not convincing, and the music does not suit her well. Miss McIntyre is a *débutante* of much promise. She has a very agreeable voice, has been well taught, and, though obviously inexperienced as an actress, displayed feeling and fervour which unmistakably bespeak appreciation of character and strong aptitude for her art. M. Etienne de Reims is a very fair example of his *genre*. He is a very good actor—we are led to mention this first, as it is his most notable distinction. We did not care much for his voice, and he has the defects of the French school; still, as judged by the canons of that school, he is a capable vocalist. Signor Del Puente was the Toreador, and made a moderate success with his song; but the alteration of phrases for the purpose of avoiding the lower notes is destructive to the character of the composition. The minor parts were fairly filled. The chorus is unusually numerous and well chosen. Signor Mancinelli's ability as conductor is universally recognized.

THE JUBILEE STAKES.

THE great Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park more than holds its ground. When other rich stakes followed it last year, it was prophesied that it would never again excite so much interest. The novelty of such races would, people thought, soon wear off, and the comparative failure of several of them last season seemed to bear out this expectation. The very name of Jubilee, again, had undoubtedly lost some of its freshness, since the stakes of that name had been run for a year ago. Nevertheless, a month before the race the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes was introduced into the betting-ring, and from that time until the event was over it continued to be a fertile source of speculation. Mr. Vyner's Minting was at once established first favourite, while Thunderstorm was made second favourite at 8 to 1. During the greater part of the month that intervened between the opening of the betting and the race itself, these two horses were alternately first favourites. When Bendigo won this race last year under 9 st. 7 lbs., it was considered a wonderful performance, and Minting was now allotted 7 lbs. more. Ten stone was an enormous weight to carry in a large handicap, and the margin of 4 st. 7 lbs. between the heaviest and lightest weights was very great.

To win a handicap under 9 st. or more is a very exceptional thing. Welter handicaps are, of course, another matter; but in ordinary handicaps the best known instances of victories under such weights are soon enumerated. St. Gatien won the Cesarewitch under 8 st. 12 lbs.; Foxhall and Florence, handicapped at 9 st. and 9 st. 1 lb., won the Cambridgeshire; and Isonomy carried

9 st. 12 lbs. to victory for the Manchester Cup. Five-and-twenty years have elapsed since the Chester Cup was won under 9 st. 4 lbs. by Asteroid, who was thought to have performed an extraordinary feat. Bend Or and Master Kildare won the City and Suburban under 9 st. and 9 st. 2 lbs. The Great Metropolitan Stakes, the Lincolnshire Handicap, the Great Northamptonshire Stakes, the Liverpool Summer Cup, and many other important handicaps, had not been won, for at least a great number of years, under so heavy a burden as 9 st. A great handicap, however, had once been won under 10 st. and more. In 1869 Vespasian won the Chesterfield Cup at Goodwood under 10 st. 4 lbs., as has been pointed out by every sporting writer during the last few days; but he was hardly giving away so much weight to the best of his opponents as Minting was now to give. We only mention these facts to show what a great thing Minting was asked to do when he was handicapped at 10 st. for the Jubilee Stakes at Kempton Park. That his treatment by the handicapper was not considered unfair was shown by his position in the betting-lists, and it was evident that a large number of his backers believed last year's Ascot running between Minting and Bendigo to have been correct. Minting was generally considered to have been a very unlucky horse, and there can be little doubt that he would have won the Derby in an ordinary year. It is true that the same thing was said of The Bard, and well it might, for he was probably quite equal to the average of Derby winners. After all, perhaps Minting was not such a very unlucky horse as he was represented. As a two-year-old he won the Middle Park Plate and other races worth 7,396*l.*; as a three-year-old he won the Grand Prix de Paris of 5,904*l.*; and as a four-year-old he won the Jubilee Cup of 1,495*l.*, at Ascot. He never was beaten by any horse except Ormonde, and with regard to that almost preternatural racehorse he was no more "unlucky" than any other horse may be said to be when inferior to others. On the contrary, we should rather be inclined to say that he was a remarkably lucky horse in having only one superior; and, so far as looks were concerned, many excellent judges preferred him to Ormonde.

Thunderstorm, handicapped at 8 st., was, like his great rival, a five-year-old. His two-year-old career, while respectable enough, had been as nothing in comparison with that of Minting. He won three races as a three-year-old, but his form was then very second, if not third, rate; and as a four-year-old, although he won the same number of races and 1,676*l.* in stakes, he lost eight. His last performance of the season, however, on the 25th of November, at Manchester, was so good as to raise him greatly in public estimation. In the Lincolnshire Handicap, this spring, after starting at 33 to 1, he ran very well under 8 st. 5 lbs., and could probably have finished third if he had not been eased when his jockey found that he could not win. Being a big, heavy-framed horse, he seemed at Lincoln to want time, and it was thought that the interval of nearly a couple of months between the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Kempton Park Jubilee Stakes would make him many pounds better. For some time Tyrone, who ran third to Bendigo for this race last year under 7 st. 9 lbs., and was now to carry only 6 st. 12 lbs., was a strong third favourite, in the face of the fact that he had been unplaced for all the five other races in which he ran last season. Within a week of the race there was a report that something was wrong with him, and he became unsteady in the betting for a time; but at last he was made third favourite. Another heavily-backed horse was Gallinule, a four-year-old to whom we alluded in a former article as having been purchased last autumn for 5,100 guineas by "Mr. Abington," although he had lost every race for which he ran that season; and now he was to carry 8 st. 3 lbs.—a weight at which he might almost be said to have been handicapped rather on his price than on his performances—not a bad method of handicapping either in some instances. Many backers were also found for Lord Calthorpe's Florentine, a four-year-old handicapped at 8 st. It will be remembered that as a two-year-old he won the Middle Park Plate, in which he defeated Enterprise, the subsequent winner of the Two Thousand. In that race he himself ran very badly. At Ascot he won the St. James's Palace Stakes of 1,500*l.* from Timothy, Savile, and others; at Derby he ran "almost the same horse," to use a racing phrase, as Gloriation, the winner of the Cambridgeshire, as he gave him 3 lbs. and ran him to a neck, and in September he was easily beaten by Réve d'Or for the Great Foal Stakes at Newmarket, on a course about a quarter of a mile beyond his distance. Upon the whole there was a great deal to be said, on public form, for his chances for the Jubilee Stakes. The handicapper had apparently handicapped him with Minting on Gloriation's form with Bendigo in the Cambridgeshire, and he seemed fully justified in so doing. At the start he was second favourite.

The weather was magnificent, and if the dust was disagreeable on the roads, everything was pleasant on the racecourse. A very great improvement had been made in the course itself. It used to be quite straight for about five furlongs, and then it took a very sharp turn to the right, ending with another straight piece. At this sharp turn several horses last year were supposed to have lost their chances, by being shut out or bumped against. The present start is almost where it used to be, but the new course bears at once to the left and continues straight for rather less than half a mile, when it makes a gentle bend to the right; then it goes on straight again for about a furlong and a half, when it makes a second and rather sharper bend, and runs into the old straight finish, just at the place where the dangerous turn used to be.

Nineteen horses came out for the race. Some time was lost in

the parade and preparatory canter. Then there were several failures at the post, and the start took place nearly half an hour after the appointed time. Before they got off, Maxim was badly kicked in the stifle, and went lame for a few moments. When at last the flag fell, The Cobbler, a fine powerful four-year-old with only 6 st. 8 lbs. on his back, sprang off with the lead and made the running almost as fast as his legs could carry him. Maxim was evidently far from disabled, as he was soon going well in the front rank. So also was Minting, for, in spite of his weight, Webb did not keep him in the background in the early part of the race. Gallinule, too, was well forward, and Tyrone, Thunderstorm, and The Baron were in good positions. When they had run a quarter of a mile, The Cobbler was leading by half a dozen lengths from Maxim, Minting, and Gallinule. Thunderstorm and Florentine began to tire before half the course had been traversed, and on approaching the last bend the expensive Gallinule dropped behind Minting. Hitherto Maxim had been a good way in front of Minting, but now the favourite's head was at his quarters. On turning into the straight, The Cobbler was so far ahead of the rest of the field that the cry was raised "They will never be able to catch him," and for a moment the backers of the favourite had apparently some cause for trembling. Maxim and Minting entered the straight side by side, then came Tyrone and Phil, the colt that ran second for the Two Thousand last year, and next followed that celebrated loser of races, Isosceles, who had run twenty-one times without ever winning. Was he now going to break the spell? Then came the second in last year's Derby, but not looking very like running second this time. A quarter of a mile from home, The Cobbler was beginning to show symptoms of fatigue, while Minting was shaking off Maxim. Tyrone at the same time was making a gallant effort, although it was soon clear that he could not quite win. Just below Tattersall's enclosure Webb sent Minting to the front, and it was a grand sight when he sailed past the exhausted Cobbler and dashed up to the winning-post, an easy winner by three lengths. The judge placed Tyrone second and The Cobbler third. Many spectators were under a different impression; but, as the judge's decision is final, nothing more need be said on the subject.

Minting's victory fairly eclipsed that of Bendigo, as has been said over and over again during the past week; but it did more than this. It confirmed his form with Bendigo at Ascot; and when we consider Bendigo's extraordinary performances, not only in the Jubilee Stakes but elsewhere, and necessarily place Minting considerably above him, we not only prove Minting to be one of the best horses that has ever appeared upon the turf, but exalt his conqueror, Ormonde, to a higher pinnacle of greatness than any which he has yet occupied. Even if we admit that Ormonde was as well as he had ever been in his life when he beat Minting by a neck for the Hardwicke Stakes at Ascot last year, it cannot be denied that he ran the best horse of the pair. Few, however, would be prepared to make such an admission. At the time Ormonde was unquestionably a roarer, and the infirmity of roaring, even in a slight degree, could scarcely fail to affect a horse over a mile and a half, especially on so tiring a course as that at Ascot. On the other hand, he would be a bold man who would prophesy a more brilliant career for Ormonde than for Minting at the stud. That very roaring which we have urged in Ormonde's favour when estimating his victory over Minting is anything but a point in his favour for breeding purposes; while Minting's wonderful power, bone, and substance combined with the finest characteristics of the thoroughbred horse and devoid of the least lumber or coarseness, render him about the most attractive horse in existence, either on the turf or at the stud. With Birdcatcher at each side of his pedigree—both his great-grandfathers, and his great-great-grandfather, having been by that horse—two strains of Touchstone in the middle of it, and Melbourne for his dam's grandsire, Minting's blood is surely good enough to please any reasonable breeder.

THE ELECTION AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

THE election of a full member of the Royal Academy in the place of Mr. Pickersgill, who has resigned, took place at the end of last week, and resulted in the promotion of Mr. Hamo Thornycroft from among the Associates. It was generally expected that a painter would be elected, as the customary number of sculptors was already full. It seems, however, to have been felt that Mr. Thornycroft's claims, strengthened as they were on the present occasion by his beautiful statue of "Medea," should no longer be overlooked, and he has had the honour of passing over the heads of twelve Associates senior to himself. He is, if we may trust the compendiums of such information, by several years the youngest of the forty, and we congratulate the Royal Academy with having strengthened its governing body by adding to it so vigorous an artist. It is distinctly to the advantage of art throughout this country that there should be young blood on the Council of the Royal Academy.

We must defer to a later occasion our account of the "Medea" and of such other contributions to the exhibited sculpture of the year as Mr. Thornycroft has made. But we are glad of an opportunity of saying a word about the progress of sculpture in this country. The election of Mr. Thornycroft closely follows on two interesting events—the unfavourable, but inevitable, decision regarding the Chantrey Bequest, and the impassioned praise of sculpture which was the notable point of Sir Frederick Leighton's

speech at the Academy banquet. It emphasizes the novel respect with which sculpture is treated in this country. A very few years ago the art received all the kicks and none of the halfpence that were going about. Now it still is sadly in lack of halfpence, but at least it gets no kicks from quarters where kicks would be dishonour. The British nation, and especially the average M.P., is still strangely in the dark as regards all plastic things, and ever will be. But the observant and cultivated part of the public has waked up to the fact that we have in England a school of sculpture which is now one of the most remarkable in Europe, and that certain of our most attractive younger artists are sculptors. Of this conscientious and original school of modellers Mr. Thornycroft is in some sort the leader. He was the first to come to the point; it is he who is still best known to the public; and the fact of his early election to the full honours of the Royal Academy is a proof, no less than the recent election of Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Onslow Ford to be A.R.A.'s, of the recognition of this new kind of sculpture by the official body. We have so often been obliged to desist from sparing the rod in dealing with the Royal Academy that it is a pleasure, as it is bare justice, to say that it has always been very generous in its treatment of sculpture. Nor should the sculptors forget how much they owe to the personal care and enthusiasm of one who is a very distinguished sculptor himself, Sir Frederick Leighton.

ISSUING SHARES AT A DISCOUNT.

A WEEK ago we discussed a decision of the Court of Appeal which had fluttered Stock Exchange and banking circles; to-day we shall call attention to another case in the same Court which concerns a larger class—all, indeed, who are interested in limited liability Companies—for it declares illegal the issue of shares at a discount. Until recently it was commonly supposed that, where the memorandum and articles of association permitted it, a Company could dispose of its shares on any terms it pleased. Lately, however, a decision was given contrary to this view, and the judgment in the Court of Appeal last Thursday, in the case of the Almada and Tiritto Company, goes to establish that it is illegal, under any circumstances, to issue shares at a discount. The facts of the case are as follows. The Company was in need of money, and in July last resolutions were passed for an increase of capital from 210,000 shares of 1*l.* each to 420,000 shares, also of 1*l.* each, the additional shares being credited with 18*s.* paid up. The new shares were offered to the shareholders in the proportion of one for each old share held, and an agreement was subsequently registered, containing in a schedule the names of the applicants for the shares. Some of those to whom the new shares were allotted desired to cancel the allotments, and they took proceedings to have their names struck off the list. The application was formally decided against the applicants by Mr. Justice Chitty, and was then taken to the Court of Appeal, where the three judges unanimously decided that the application must be complied with, since the Directors had acted *ultra vires* in issuing the shares at one-tenth of their nominal value. It seems to be admitted on all sides that the Directors had acted in good faith. They wanted more money, and were well aware that they could not issue new shares at par. They offered the shares to the old shareholders—that is, to persons who were already interested in the Company and were supposed to know its actual position; and doubtless they believed that, in offering the shares at 2*s.* each, crediting the allottees with them as fully paid up, they were conferring a benefit upon the shareholders. The judges however, in assigning reasons for their decision, declared that, even though the money was required by the Company, yet it was contrary to the Act of 1862 for the Directors to issue shares at a discount. The judgment cannot fail to check a practice which has become a very great abuse ever since the Companies Acts were passed. Respectable Boards of Directors have always refused, indeed, to sell at a discount shares which were offered to the public at par, though under exceptional circumstances even respectable Boards have sometimes issued their shares at a discount when they had previously obtained the consent of the shareholders in general meeting. But unscrupulous Boards have constantly resorted to the practice. They bring out a Company with an excessive capital, well aware that the public will not subscribe for the shares in full; they sell the shares to persons in collusion with them at a very great discount; and these persons, having the means of influencing unwary investors, gradually sell them to widows, spinsters, country clergymen, professional men, and others who are not in a position to obtain accurate information as to the real condition of the Company. It would now appear that unwary investors of this class, had they really known their rights, might have applied to have their names taken off the register, and thus defeated the unscrupulous Company promoters; but, unfortunately, unwary investors are seldom aware of their real rights, while in too many cases they learn the condition of the Companies in which they invest too late to obtain redress.

The decision, as we have just said, will throw obstacles in the way of these unscrupulous promoters and directors; but, unless the payment of excessive commissions is also declared illegal, a way will be found of avoiding the decision. A broker, or a person acting as a broker, may be given so large a commission for placing the shares of a Company that practically the shares will be sold at a considerable discount; but of course every abuse cannot be

reached by a single legal decision, and it is important to have it declared law that the issuing of shares at a discount is illegal. The decision at the same time raises many embarrassing questions, and places several Companies and multitudes of shareholders in a very difficult position. As we have said, it has been until lately almost universally held that shares could be issued at a discount, and in multitudes of cases they have been so issued. From the judgment of the Court of Appeal it now appears that the original allottees of those shares are liable for the amount with which the shares have been credited. In the case, that is to say, in which a pound share is allotted as fully paid up, when in fact the amount paid upon it is only two shillings, the original allottee in case of the winding up of the Company would be liable for the full 18s. But what is the position of a purchaser without notice from an original allottee? The share is credited as fully paid, and the purchaser has no notice that it was issued at a discount; indeed, where the issue took place years ago, there are no means of discriminating between those shares which were issued at par and those which were issued at a discount. In what position then, would the purchaser for the current market value of such a share find himself? Could he be called upon, suppose the Company went into liquidation, for the full amount which had not been paid upon the share? It would seem clearly inequitable that he should be held liable, since he had no notice of the way in which the shares were originally allotted, and since, so far as he was concerned, it would be very difficult indeed to distinguish between the shares issued at par and the shares issued at a discount. Yet, if the ruling of the Court of Appeal is to have any practical effect, either the original allottee must be held to be liable, even though he has sold the shares perhaps years ago, or the present holder of the shares must be so held, though he may have had when buying no notice that the shares were issued at a discount, and no means of acquainting himself of the fact. Perhaps it will be found in practice that the question will arise very seldom. The Companies so placed that are wound up and have to make a call upon the shareholders are happily not very numerous. In any case, if it should be found necessary, doubtless Parliament would interfere to prevent hardship, for both the issuing of shares and their acceptance by allottees were in ignorance of the law. Another question of importance raised by this decision is as to the position of contractors and others who consent to accept shares in payment for goods or for services rendered. What is the position of such persons in case of a liquidation? If the shares have been accepted at par we presume no question could be raised, but in the majority of instances we should think that contractors and others would hardly consent to accept shares at par, especially where the Company was newly established, and the probable value of the shares could not be accurately estimated. Suppose, then, that a contractor undertaking work for an industrial company consented to accept part payment in one pound shares with ten shillings credited as paid, could the contractor, if the Company failed, be held liable for ten shillings upon the shares so allotted?

Perhaps, however, the most usual form in which the question would arise regarding shares issued at a discount is that of reorganization. A Company has suffered heavy losses which have swept away the greater part of its capital, and it is decided to wind-up the old Company and transfer its business to a new one. The new one may consist of the old shareholders almost exclusively, who consent to pay one or two shillings for the pound share, and are credited with eighteen or nineteen shillings; or the business may really be sold to a new Company, the new shareholders bringing working capital and paying off the debts of the old one, and the old shareholders being granted deferred shares which are credited as fully paid, except as regards sixpence or a shilling or two shillings. In either case there is a large issue of shares at a discount. What is the position of the allottees of those shares? It has been argued that the decision of the Court of Appeal does not apply to the case. The old Company is completely wound up, and its assets and liabilities sold to a new Company, the shareholders in the old Company receiving as purchase-money shares which are credited as fully paid, upon which, however, they are called upon to pay only a fraction of the nominal amount. The holders of these shares, then, seem to be in the position of the holders of vendors' shares. It is a quite common thing, for example, for patentees and others to accept in part-payment of what they have to sell vendor shares, which are credited to them as fully paid, but on which they in fact pay nothing. Whether they pay nothing at all, or whether they pay a shilling or two shillings, it is contended, does not seem to be material, and therefore it is inferred that the decision of the Court of Appeal in the case of the Almada and Tirito Company does not apply. But the question which we are now discussing, it is to be recollected, was not before the Court, and how it would be decided is therefore problematical. Certainly the language of Lord Justice Cotton was wide enough to cover the issue of shares at a discount upon reorganization. Very often, no doubt, these reorganizations are as dishonest as any of the malpractices of unscrupulous promoters and directors; but happily that is not always the case. In very many instances reorganization is rendered necessary by circumstances beyond the control of the Board which proposes it, and it is the only means that can be adopted for preserving a business which is really sound, but which at the same time never can make any adequate return upon the old capital that has practically been lost. New capital is absolutely required, and yet it would be difficult to induce the

old shareholders to part with their property entirely without consideration. If there was a compulsory winding up and a forced sale the property would be entirely wasted. If, on the other hand, the winding up were voluntary, the business could be kept together and might be nursed into a handsome paying concern. The shareholders could be induced to consent to a voluntary winding up only by giving them a chance of at least a contingent profit. It is on this ground that in the *bond fide* cases of reorganization the shareholders in the old Company are offered shares issued at a large discount but credited as fully paid, and it would be unfortunate in many instances if such an arrangement were rendered impossible in the future.

THE GROSVENOR GALLERY.

II.

FACING Mr. Hacker's work in the west gallery of the Grosvenor hangs another large picture in high, bright tone, "A Noble Family of Huguenot Refugees shipwrecked on the Suffolk Coast" (30). Mr. W. F. Britten has drawn and modelled his figures with more care than Mr. Hacker, but he has not found so pleasant a scheme of colour or of composition. The wish to show their sufferings has led him to give these people most wretchedly dirty flesh tints. The sunshine, if there is any, would give their skin at least some unity of effect. However, though we see shadows on the ground, we see no sign of sunlight on the figures. He might, also, have displayed more ingenuity in adapting the arrangement of the waves to the composition; his lines of foam are hard, stiff, and undecorative. He has fallen, in fact, into the wrong kind of realism, the realism of storytelling and illustrative incident, instead of the realism of effect. In his large "Smugglers" (59) Mr. John R. Reid takes an ordinary subject from the most frequented pastures of realism, and lavishes on it all the decorative bravura which the Old Masters reserved for scenes too rich or too imaginative for common treatment. It is curious to see an everyday open-air village incident, ragged figures, the familiar fisherman and peasant girl, street stalls, and shop windows, treated with all the pomp and extravagance of colour which only the richest stuffs, the grandest composition, and the most heroic subjects can justify. This violence, unfortunately, bears no relation to the scene, and instead of elucidating, buries it in a scheme of contradictory decoration. It is painted in first-rate imitation of the grand style of accessories in some great picture by Rubens or Veronese; but then where is the picture? A great artist like Vollon understands the scope of his tastes and talents, and frankly gives you his still-life without surrounding it with the "repossour" of an incongruous and pretended account of a story. Mr. Reid was right to abandon realistic treatment; it is dull if not done with more subtlety of observation than he could bring to bear on it. Will he not also abandon the pretence of realistic stories and subjects? When not true the matter of realism is still duller than the manner, and can only hamper a man with his fine and genuine feeling for colours, stuffs, textures, and brushwork. Mr. Jacob Hood in his "Triumph of Spring" (170) has taken perhaps the best and sanest view of the task imposed by a large canvas. He has found a telling division and grouping of colours and figures, light and shade. His picture is high and bright in tone, and neither black nor weak. In a few places he has a little overcharged the realism of details, but in large questions he has decided rightly as to the amount of obviousness with which truth may be presented in an imaginative work. Amongst other notable figure-pictures of smaller size we may mention the "Piazza d'Erbe, Verona" (118), of Professor Menzel, a sort of first-class *Graphic* illustration, full of action, character, and lively grouping; but, as a picture, sadly in need of the unity of effect which could be given by a few broad touches of light in the foreground; Mr. E. M. Hale's "In the Temple Gardens" (175), an effect of light sincerely observed and painted in good value, though somewhat hardly; Mr. W. E. Lockhart's "Pompeian Picture" (44), excellent in the expressions of the faces and the attitudes, and coloured with a regard for truth, if with a somewhat disagreeable coldness; Mr. C. N. Kennedy's pleasantly-toned canvas, "The Mermaid" (20); Mr. Kennington's meaningless but well-drawn "Water Nymph" (47), and "A Song without Words" (1), a harmoniously coloured small canvas which does something to justify Mr. Pettie's reputation. Mr. G. D. Leslie has set his figure "Rosebuds" (90) against an open-air background, just as Mr. Clausen has set his "Ploughboy." Note the conventional wire of laky red with which the Academician makes a mouth, his flesh stippled in hot colours, his sienna shadows, and his spotty background, and then turn to the work of the young man who is ruined by imbibing the principles of French technique. We have said something of Mr. Clausen's picture in a previous article; we will do no more than point to the subtle modelling of the mouth and eyes, the truly aerial way in which the boy's head, hand, clothes, and whip are relieved from the background, and the elegant but properly subordinated treatment of the landscape itself. Mr. Leslie is not an unfair example; he draws better and feels things more genuinely than half of the Academicians. A true regard for the art of the country should lead us to welcome an improvement in technique from wherever it may spring. Let us have no false patriotism in art; it does not matter where good technique can be best learnt at present; it was, at any rate, invented centuries ago, and neither in France nor England. Amongst portraits we

have specimens of the work of Sir J. Millais, Mr. Holl, Mr. Herkomer, and Mr. Richmond, which call for no special remark. Less easily seen, "His Honour Judge Collier" (61), a rather dry portrait by Mr. John Collier, is perhaps the most firm and decided piece of modelling in the gallery. Sounder form than usual underlies Mr. J. J. Shannon's dashing style in "Henry Vigne" (151). Other good portraits are Mr. Solomon's easy and clever, but not very refined, "Rev. Dr. Löwy" (180); Mr. T. Graham's very sympathetic and expressively touched "W. Q. Orchardson, Esq., R.A." (85); 173, by Mr. T. Benham, which seems in its lofty position a finely modelled head; and a fresh, lively-looking work—"Mrs. Monckton" (144)—from Mr. Stuart-Wortley.

In landscape from Mr. W. J. Hennessey comes "Spring" (181), most fairylike in the delicacy of its brilliant tone, in the silvery softness of its sky and apple-blossoms, and in its exquisite but logical mystery of air, which leads you from trunk to trunk into the depths of an enchantingly suggestive distance; from Mr. Mark Fisher, "Winter Fare" (165), a study of naked trees, sheep, and distance, in which a free and beautiful manner conceals so much form and value that the work may serve as an eternal protest against niggling; from Mr. A. Lemon "A Breezy Day" (189), a romantic-looking place, treated with romantic breadth and nobility of style; from Mr. Edwin Ellis a bold and majestic chalk promontory, "Full Summer, Flambro," with a splendid breadth of foreground and a blue sky which would be none the worse for being a little more atmospheric, and from Mr. Leslie Thomson a dark rich "Moonrise" (48), and two lovely little compositions, "Essex" (301) and "Morning" (283). These are perhaps the best; but, in addition, Mr. A. Stokes has given us a well-drawn and atmospheric study of pines in "When the Bracken rusted on the Marge" (32); Mr. Rattray a fine sky in "When the Wavelets kiss the Pebbly Shore" (42); Mr. J. Aumonier an admirably harmonious scheme of colour in "Silver Night" (6); Mr. Henry Simpson a fresh, bold, and true account of "A Winter's Day, Morocco" (28), in which the difficult values of a southern middle distance are by no means scamped; and Mr. J. E. Christie a very graceful representation of a girl in a boat, "The Old Boat House" (55). We have not space to give a detailed account of good work by Messrs. Napier Hemy, Alfred East, Anderson Hague, Henry Moore, F. Hind, Hugh Wilkinson, J. H. Snell, W. E. Norton, and several others.

DRAMATIC RECORD.

MRS. BERNARD-BEERE'S Peg Woffington, which she is playing for a series of matinees at the Opera Comique, shows a distinct improvement on her previous assumption of this interesting and effective character. Unfortunately, however, the very nature of the part enables her to indulge in all those restless and fidgety habits which go so far to spoil what otherwise would be so charming in her acting. She is so well endowed by nature with exceptional gifts that we are surprised to find her persistently neglecting one of the greatest of all histrionic arts—repose. Her sense of humour was well displayed throughout in *Masks and Faces*, and it would be difficult to dance the famous jig with greater spirit. In every detail of the scenes with Triplet and his hungry family Mrs. Bernard-Beere was excellent, and the Triplet of Mr. Neville is a very natural and effective piece of acting. He carefully avoids the "cant" in which most actors who play this particular part usually think fit to indulge, and is manly and interesting, even if he is hungry and generally "grubby." Miss Kate Vaughan was a bewitching Mabel, and was notably excellent in the scene in which she forces the jealous Peg to yield to her persuasions. There is not much to be said for the Sir Charles Pomander of M. Marius; but Messrs. D. Denison and William Farren, jun., were capital, especially in the last two acts. Mr. William Herbert was a refined and sympathetic Vane.

That most affected of plays, *The Lady of Lyons*, was given on Tuesday afternoon at the Olympic, with a view of introducing Miss Annie Rose (Mrs. Horace Nevill) in the part of Pauline Deschappelles. She has evidently placed herself under very able tuition, and if her Pauline was far from perfect, it was in many ways admirable. Her voice was soft and melodious, and her elocution distinct and varied. She moves with ease and grace, and has acquired a very rare art among English actresses, that of repose. She, at least, can stand still in an easy and dignified attitude, and her general knowledge of technique is excellent. In the earlier scenes she manifested the possession of unusually poetic feeling, but the two scenes in the cottage were beyond her strength, and her enunciation became a trifle monotonous. Mrs. Nevill had the good sense to surround herself with a capable company. Mr. Forbes Robertson made a decidedly good Claude Melnotte. Mr. Fernandez vulgarized Damas, and there is nothing to be said in favour of the impersonators of M. or Mme. Deschappelles. A word of praise, however, is due to the pleasant Widow Melnotte of Mrs. H. Leigh.

A special *matinée* was held on Wednesday at the Criterion for the production of two new plays by Mr. J. H. Campbell. In *The Viper on the Hearth* the author has endeavoured to tell in one act the story of a girl who treacherously intercepts the love-letters of her friend and rival. Inasmuch as her machinations affect the happiness of three persons and the interests of a fourth, who are all introduced into the play as leading characters, the limits of the piece do not admit of an adequate explanation of the plot. The

confusion is made more irritating by the stilted dialogue, which is altogether too melodramatic for a piece of this kind. *The Deputy*, a three-act farcical comedy, might, on the other hand, be compressed into one act. Mr. Campbell has followed the lines of *A Man with Three Wives* and other plays of the same kind with which Criterion audiences are familiar. He entirely lacks, however, the skill to create a humorous dramatic situation, and his conception of appropriate dialogue is not more happy than when he is handling a pathetic subject. Both plays were exceptionally well acted and mounted, but it cannot be said that they justified their production.

TWO EXHIBITIONS.

THE Italian Exhibition, of which we have heard a great deal during the past few months, and which owes its origin entirely to the initiative and energy of an Englishman, Mr. J. R. Whitley, was opened on Saturday afternoon last by the Lord Mayor in State. Although far from complete, the Exhibition is even now extremely interesting in every department. The picture galleries are magnificent, and contain many works of exceptional merit, and very few which are entirely bad. The prevailing tone, as a rule, is high, and some of the pictures speak well for the progress which Italy has made in art since the completion of her unity in 1870. The immense works representing subjects in Roman and Sicilian history by Signor Sciuti, which fill one room, are likely to attract considerable attention. They are very fine, and are painted with a power and a brilliance of colour which, unfortunately, is almost unknown amongst our own artists, and notwithstanding their huge proportions they do not offend, a defect so frequently found in works of art of such unusual magnitude. There is certainly enough to see in these picture galleries for several days, and whilst we think that the Italian artists might take a lesson from our own in carefulness of finish, there is no question but that they in their turn can teach us a great deal. The portraits, however, we noticed in our somewhat casual visit are, as a rule, inferior. In the statue gallery the most remarkable group sent is Monteverde's of Jenner vaccinating a child. This is singularly powerful. The exhibits, which number nearly three thousand, have been very well classified by Mr. Whitley so as to represent the various provinces, and the decorations of the building are in good taste and unpretentious. The carved furniture, glass, wrought-iron, bronze, and other articles of a like description have never been surpassed at any previous exhibition. The furniture strikes us as being not only handsomely ornamented, but admirably finished. The most remarkable feature in all these objects for the embellishment of the house is the originality of their design. The specimens of Venetian lace sent are magnificent, and the silks and brocades are quite up to the mark of the many specimens we still possess of those for which Italy was celebrated in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. In short, many pleasant hours and even days can be passed in this Exhibition with profit; there is so much to see that is of value and interest.

The gardens have been beautifully decorated, so as to recall somewhat vaguely perhaps those which are so common in Italy, in which architecture takes up quite as much space as horticulture. There is a large panorama of the Roman Forum, by Signor Liverani, which would be all the more realistic if he were to darken the shadows, so as to make its architectural features stand out in bolder relief. As we see it now it appears a little flat. The switchback runs through snow-capped Alps, and beneath one of the rustic bridges there is an excellent representation of the "Blue Grotto" at Capri. The large theatre will not be opened for another fortnight, and then the marionettes and fantoccini will doubtless delight the multitude. The immense section to be devoted to what are called comestibles, groceries, wines, candles, &c., is the least advanced part of the Exhibition; but in a few days, like the rest of the building, it will be in perfect order. Messrs. Bertram & Roberts have made arrangements with certain Italian cooks of note, who will ere long arrive, and who will prepare for us "Maccheroni alla Napolitana" and "Risotto alla Milanese," and other national dishes, and these we shall be able to wash down with Chianti, Falerno, Lacryma Christi, or sparkling Asti. We hear nothing definite relative to the arena, where Buffalo Bill and his Indian friends disported themselves last year. Surely it will soon open its portals for some entertainment or other which shall recall the pastimes of Italy in days gone by, and for which this vast amphitheatre is so well suited? At night the Italian Exhibition gardens, which are charmingly illuminated and made gay with music—including, by the way, a clever troupe of Neapolitan singers—will form one of the most attractive lounges of a season which threatens otherwise to be one of the dullest on record.

To celebrate the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, and with a view of assisting Her Royal Highness in her endeavours to suitably endow the British Home for Incurables at Olapham—a charity which is associated with her name, since it was the first to which she gave her patronage a few weeks after her arrival in England twenty-five years ago—an Exhibition, called the Anglo-Danish, has been opened in the gardens of the Horticultural Society at South Kensington. The inaugural ceremony was performed by the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by several members of the Royal Family; and, thanks to the energy of Mr. A. J. Trendell and others, it was made truly impressive. It took place in the Albert Hall, and

Mme. Albani sang "Home, Sweet Home," and Mlle. Otta Bronnum, a Danish young lady, who wore the Amager costume, sang a very pretty national song, the words of which are by Hans Christian Andersen. She has a peculiar Northern voice, with exceptionally sweet high notes. The Exhibition itself is arranged in the quadrants which surround the gardens, and is not of great importance, and is chiefly remarkable for the paucity of Danish objects it contains. There is, however, an excellent gallery of Danish pictures, to which we shall return on a future occasion. In the gardens there is a Danish village, said to be an exact reproduction of Amager, which is picturesque and well contrived. There is a switchback railway, too, which runs through very high mountains of canvas, above whose snowy peaks the "cloud-capped towers" of the Natural History Museum appear as impressively as in a vision by Martin. A toboggan slide, a representation of Ophelia's well, recently discovered by that venturesome traveller, Sarah Bernhardt, and Hamlet's grave, are also objects worthy of visitation. We must not forget the theatre, which has been built of pinewood, possibly imported from Denmark, in the Court so long associated with China, and which alone of all the aggregation of buildings which formed the bygone exhibitions remains intact. Here some exquisitely grouped *tableaux vivants*, representing scenes from Hans Christian Andersen's stories, have been arranged by Mr. Savile Clarke, who, as all the world knows, is a past master in the art of organizing entertainments of this kind. These will prove one of the chief attractions of an exhibition which, after all, is but a charming disguise assumed by charity to assist one of the most amiable of Princesses in furthering a good work.

STAGE SCIENCE.

VL.

THE art of "making up" for the stage is much more difficult to acquire than most people imagine, and it is also one which as a rule is, unfortunately, very little understood in this country. English actors usually paint their faces very carelessly, indeed coarsely, and the present general use of grease-paint, or *crayon gras*, is detrimental, if not to the health, certainly to the acting itself. Mlle. Clairon, the famous French actress of the last century, makes the following observations in her well-known but little-read *Mémoires*:—"I was always of opinion," says she, "that the less paint or powder an actor or actress employs the better. Some of our histrions cover their faces with preparations of grease so thickly that it is impossible for them to give expression to the more subtle emotions. How can they do so when all the lines of their faces are filled up with oily paste? For my part, I never used when acting anything but a little *poudre de riz*, rouge when necessary, and burnt cork mixed with *crème de Nimon* [evidently a preparation of cold cream of the eighteenth century and so called], with which to darken my eyebrows and eye-lashes; otherwise, no actress of my time used less of those numerous preparations which are now so greatly abused upon our stage." The chief result of this scant acquaintance with the materials which over-fill the "make-up" box was possibly the celebrity Mlle. Clairon obtained as being an actress of singularly subtle expression. The skin of her face, not being clogged with grease and other cosmetics, remained flexible, and she was able to display a variety of delicate shades of emotion which those actors whose faces are concealed by a mask can never hope to express. To come to another instance nearer our own time, Mlle. Rachel, it is a well-known fact that this transcendent actress scarcely used powder or paint at all. She darkened her eyebrows and eye-lashes, and that was about all; but her skin was naturally sallow, and looked deathly white by gaslight. When she wished to appear particularly haggard, she was wont to take burnt cork and rub a little of it softly into the hollows of her cheeks and temples. Of course, in many characters it is absolutely necessary for an artist to use the *fard* or grease—as, for instance, when playing such parts as Othello, Aida, or Azucena—but even in these it should be used sparingly, and the greatest care taken to efface the shiny look it often produces. When *The Winter's Tale* was recently revived, one of the principal actors rendered himself ridiculous by neglecting to tone down the "gloss," and the consequence was that he shone, as was impertinently remarked rather loudly by an occupant of the gallery, like a novel kind of fly-catcher. Men have undoubtedly to "make up" a great deal more than women, who usually play young characters, whereas it very often occurs that a young man has to impersonate an old one, and not unfrequently *vice versa*. The great Frédéric took many hours to "make up" his face. It is recorded of him that he would take a picture of the part he was to play with him into his dressing-room as early as two o'clock in the afternoon, and not finish his preparations until it was time for the curtain to rise. In one of his most celebrated impersonations, that of Warner in *Trente Ans*, his make-up was so astonishing that Charles Dickens tells us, in one of his letters, that it absolutely amazed him to see how gradually he appeared to grow older and older until the last act arrived, in which the prematurely aged gambler meets his horrible fate. But Frédéric was so extremely careful that even at a distance of two yards it would have been difficult to detect the paint and other accessories with which he transformed himself from a young to an old man. Another great artist who devoted much time to dis-

guising her face was Mme. Ristori, whose regular features enabled her to assume with extraordinary success an idealized likeness to the heroic and historical personages whose parts she generally acted. Nothing could exceed the minute care and delicacy with which she worked to make herself strikingly like Mary Stuart, for instance. Seated in front of a looking-glass, with all her boxes of powders and pastes and her brushes systematically arranged on the toilet-table, she would literally copy upon her own face all the lines which she saw in a fine picture of Mary Stuart which was placed close by her. Her most striking "make-up," however, was that of Elizabeth. She had purchased, at great expense, when in England, several excellent original pictures of Queen Bess, taken at various periods of her life, and also a great number of engravings, and when she played Giacometti's tragedy, she had all her pictures with her, and between the acts, with surprising rapidity, painted according to them, so that the spectators saw her grow old from act to act, and in the last scene, in which she died, her reproduction on her own face and figure of the ravages of remorse was quite appalling. "It is so important," Mme. Ristori once remarked, "for an actress to be careful in this matter. I have seen a fine situation destroyed by the slovenly way in which a wig has been put on, the joint across the forehead being so perceptible as to completely destroy all illusion. I remember once assisting at the performance of one of the greatest actresses of our time, who was, however, very negligent of her 'make-up.' She was playing *La Dame aux Camélias*, and, notwithstanding all her genius, spoilt all the pathos of her part because she had forgotten to take the rouge off; so that she looked quite blooming to the end of the piece." But Mme. Ristori perhaps carried her talent for "making up" occasionally a little too far, for in the last scene of Elizabeth she used to blacken her teeth by means of pieces of sticking plaster, which, although realistic, was horribly ghastly. The late Miss Charlotte Cushman's Meg Merrilies was another instance of perfect "make-up." This lady was frequently engaged the entire afternoon in preparing herself for her evening triumph. She had a very clever theory that, in order to appear old upon the stage, the wisest thing was to carefully study the lines indicated by nature on one's face, which, she very rightly remarked, time would deepen only too soon. Anybody older than twenty-five may see in a looking-glass a number of lines and wrinkles which will deepen imperceptibly as time goes on. If they frown or pretend to cry, these will be emphasized at once. It is into these that the darkening material should be introduced with great skill and care if a realistic picture of age is to be produced. Most actors paint lines to indicate age quite independently of those which nature traces day by day in every human countenance, and a double set of wrinkles is frequently the unsatisfactory result. Three contemporary actors deserve the greatest credit for their exceptionally careful study of the art of making up—Mr. Henry Irving, Mr. Brookfield, and Mr. Beerbohm Tree. They at least take care that even the strongest opera-glass shall not destroy the illusion they intend to create. Many of our best actresses paint most carelessly. They usually redden their lips with a hideous cherry paste, which often looks quite revolting. The white is put on carelessly, so that the natural colour of the flesh is left behind the ears, and they rouge either too much or too little. The black about the eyes is put on so thickly as at times to quite clog the eyelids and to kill all expression, save that of the idiotic stare of an ill-made waxwork. Without entering into further particulars, we will make one concluding observation, and it is, that the artist would do well if he were, when "made up," to ask some friend to carefully see that the audience has not a chance of detecting where the "make-up" begins and ends, and, above all, that there is no crease above the forehead where the join of the wig can be seen, as was recently the case with M. Coquelin when he played in *La Joie fait Peur*, a piece of negligence on the part of so great an actor which can only be accounted for by some untoward circumstance. With regard to costume, this is a subject which all artists ought to study much more minutely than they do. There are innumerable books on costume, of which possibly the best are Planché's, and the more recent work by Racinet; but even these are not sufficient, and a clever artist will discover in the works of the old masters many valuable hints for costumes of past times. The paintings of the early Italian school, from Fra Angelico to Pinturicchio (so admirably reproduced by the Arundel Society), will enable him to select costumes of infinite beauty, grace, and distinction of colour of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries; and in the curious pictures of Botticelli he will find endless hints for effects which are ignored by the ordinary costumier, who is apt to have very broad and general notions of costume, usually derived from vulgar fashion-plates. The pictures of Holbein, Titian, Paul Veronese, and the other masters of the sixteenth century will suggest, not only beautiful patterns, but splendid designs. And for that very picturesque period which has been so much neglected by the stage, and which is known among artists as the "Vandyke," the paintings of this great master, especially the earlier ones executed in Genoa, will afford admirable models; and so will the delightful prints of Holler, most of which have been reproduced, or the originals of which, together with endless others, are to be found in the Print-room of the British Museum. As we have said in a previous article, it is not for the costumier to select the dress, but for the real artist to dictate to the tradesman what materials he should choose and how they should be "made up."

RICHTER CONCERTS.

DR. RICHTER has been induced this season, in consideration of the weakness of British flesh, to change the hours at which his concerts begin from eight to half-past eight. This having been conceded, it is painful and humiliating to have to record the fact that the first number in the programme is still as heretofore regarded by the audience as a sort of voluntary—an aptly furnished excuse for the exchange of friendly converse, and an appropriate stimulant for persons with jaded nervous systems, kindly provided to enable them to cope with the stowage of their hats and shawls. Such an attitude on the part of a large audience is irritating enough when the "Kaiser Marsch" is played, but becomes simply unendurable at a concert opening with the *Egmont* Overture. Of the "Kaiser Marsch," broadly regarded as a composition, we can say nothing differing from our already expressed opinion; but it was invested with majesty and pathos by Dr. Richter's wonderful handling of it on May 7th, when the present season of these concerts was opened. We have more than once had to complain during former seasons of this great conductor's leaning towards the adoption of *tempi* of a dangerous and excessive speed. It is probably owing to a more perfect reliance upon his orchestra that this perhaps originally unavoidable defect has now totally vanished, with a very marked result in the magnificently impressive rendering of the Fifth Symphony at the first concert this year. We may say in particular that we have never heard the scherzo and finale so marvellously played on any former occasion, with such unerring precision, strong passion, and noble control. The programme included Pagner's Address from the *Meistersinger*, Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* Overture, Hagen's "Wacht" from the *Götterdämmerung*, and that wild creation of devilry and forest fire, Liszt's Fourth Hungarian Rhapsody, played in a true spirit and with faultless perfection, and on which we can bestow no higher praise than that unconsciously conveyed by an austere person in blue spectacles who remarked that "It was not music to bring forward at a respectable concert." There was a slight tendency towards heaviness in the rendering of the *Carnaval Romain*, of which Dr. Richter has given more brilliant interpretations on former occasions. Speaking of the overtures of Berlioz, it is much to be regretted that the Overture to *Benvenuto Cellini* is not more often to be met with in concert répertoires; it is indisputably one of the great musical creations of the present century, and never fails to make a profound impression when it is adequately interpreted. Pagner's Address and Hagen's "Wacht" were alike admirably sung by Mr. Henschel; but the latter excerpt, full of beauty and interest as it is, suffers great injury in being nakedly presented without the context.

Of the execution of last Monday's programme it is difficult to speak in terms of sufficiently high praise. It included the *Egmont* Overture, the Introduction and closing scene from *Tristan und Isolde*, the *Walküren Ritt*, and the closing scene from the *Götterdämmerung*. The second half of the concert was devoted to Mr. Stanford's Irish Symphony, faultlessly played, concerning which further comment is not now necessary. Perfect enjoyment of the most masterly and poetic interpretation of the *Tristan* Introduction which Dr. Richter has yet given us was somewhat marred by the ominous uncertainty of the strings at the commencement; but the conclusion was in every way admirable, and the "Ritt" was played with a majesty and fire which cannot be forgotten by those who were present on this occasion. Brass, strings, and wood wind were alike perfect. Dr. Richter has never afforded a more striking instance of his incomparable power of playing on the orchestra, and all the delicate tracery of the orchestration which seems to have been woven out of driving mist and the sheen of spears was developed with exquisitely balanced discretion and power. It would not be easy even under more favourable conditions to secure a more adequate performance of the closing scene from the *Götterdämmerung*. This scene is so complete in itself, and consists to such a considerable extent of a recapitulation of what has gone before in the *Cyclus*, that it suffers comparatively little by being transferred to the concert-room, and we know of no grander example of Wagner's later work that could be put before those who have not the opportunity of hearing the opera in its integrity. Great praise is due to Miss Pauline Cramer for her excellent achievement in the difficult task of singing Brünnhilde's music on the concert platform. Of the broad and noble style in which the Beethoven Overture was interpreted it seems almost unnecessary to speak, while it appears doubly urgent to protest against the indecency of interrupting such music by laying tardy siege, carried out in a dire spirit, to the seats in St. James's Hall.

REVIEWS.

CELTIC MYTHOLOGY.*

CELTIC mythology has ever been of all mythologies the most obscure. Even the learning and patience of Professor Rhys, in his Hibbert Lectures, do not seem to make the Celtic

* *Celtic Mythology*. (The Hibbert Lectures for 1886.) By John Rhys, Professor of Celtic in the University of Oxford. London: Williams & Norgate.

faiths and legends much more intelligible. In Celtic a bard and an idiot have always been persons whom slender boundaries divide, and their handling of legend is as confusing as it is often picturesque and imaginative. The sources of Celtic myth are three. First, we have the records of Caesar and references in Lucian, Lucan, and other classical writers. They studied Celtic religion when it had already begun to identify its gods with the departmental deities of Rome, a process which the Romans naturally abetted. This in itself is fatal to clearness. Before the Romans and Gauls were much in contact, it is certain enough that the latter, like most races in the higher barbarism, had assigned natural departments—war, love, commerce, meteorology, and so forth—to their divinities. On meeting the Romans they would find similar Latin gods of divers departments. They would thus identify the deities of the two faiths, just as Herodotus identifies Greek gods with those of Egypt, of Scythia, and of other countries, just as Sahagun found a Mars, a Ceres, and the rest among the Aztecs. But the identifications would be incomplete, naturally. Hence confusion when we find a Gaulish Jupiter or Hercules or Mars with what seem inappropriate symbols. It is evident that both the classical descriptions of gods and the notices in the second source of information—Gallo-Roman inscriptions in temples, on altars, on jewels—must be made perplexing by this habit of identification. Nor does the philological analysis of Gaulish divine names help us very much more than usual; for all such analyses, with their interpretations, are more or less conjectural. We may think that Professor Rhys's conjectures are ingenious and plausible, but we can hardly say that they do more at most than raise a presumption in favour of his hypothesis in each case. An author so candid and so open-minded will probably be the first to acknowledge this. Then we come to the third source of knowledge—the wandering, chaotic Sagas of early Welsh and Irish literature. These, as we possess them, are Christian in form, and they are severed by a great gulf of time and change from even the half-Romanized religion of Gaul in Caesar's time. How much do the Sagas contain of pure Celtic divine mythology? Can we regard these vaporuous heroes, locally seated in Ireland, Scotland, or Wales, as late forms of old Gaulish gods? Professor Rhys tries to disengage the elements of more ancient divine myth from much more recent heroic myth. But he seldom wins an assent to his conclusions, and we are not persuaded that the Nuds and Gwydions and Diarmaits, with their ladies, were ever Sky or Sun gods or heroes or maidens of the Dawn. In fact, considering Professor Rhys's partiality for the anthropological school of mythologists, it is amazing to find how he still lingers with Sun heroes and Dawn maidens. Not that the anthropologist denies the existence of such beings; but he does deny that they are so thick on the ground, and that they take such numerous disguises. In truth, the Irish and Welsh heroic tales (as in the *Mabinogion*) are much more like highly irresponsible novels of the early middle ages, with isolated pieces of very old folklore, than like Aryan sun-myths and dawn-myths of any sort or degree. However, the stories are very good reading, if the prodigality of superfluous and rather puerile fancy be allowed for. They are less like dreams than like nightmares of genius, and many an English reader who never met them before will thank Professor Rhys for the introduction.

Much the most satisfactory part of the Lectures is the first division, where Caesar and the Inscriptions have driven some piles into the quaggy bog of Celtic antiquities. Professor Rhys begins with a summary of what Caesar says about the gods he found in Gaul, and then checks that summary and a few other Latin texts by the Inscriptions, elucidating the whole by his learning in Celtic etymology. This is the shortest and far the most solid part (though doubtless not the most amusing part) of a massive volume. We start with Mercury—the Mercurius Artaius of an inscription found among some Roman ruins near Beaucaissant, in the Isère. What is "Artaius"? Did the god take his name from a place (e.g. Artay) or give to a place his name? Professor Rhys prefers the latter hypothesis; "for one can hardly be wrong in associating with Artio's name such a Celtic word as the Celtic *ár*, 'plough land,' whence it would seem by no means improbable that Mercurius Artaius was the Gallo-Roman title of the god called Mercurius Cultor in an inscription from Würtemberg." It may be—

We can but say it may be so
To every theory propounded—

but it may also be a place-name, or anything else. Again, when we read "Vasso Galate" as the name of a temple, in Gregory of Tours, Galate may be the Caleti of a Rhenish inscription, and Caleti may be the genitive of an adjective meaning "hard," and Vasso may be "equated" with the Welsh word *gwas*, Irish *foas*, Sanskrit *Vastu*, and *Vasso-calet* (*Vasso Galate*) may have meant "the hard mansion, or hard palace, perhaps one should rather say the hard temple." But when Professor Rhys says that it "must" have meant this, then one can only regret that the methods of philology do not appeal to us with this constraining force. The building in question was thick, the walls were thirty feet thick, but was it called "the hard temple"? As in trying to find a meaning for the word "Ogam" (p. 19) we advance no further than plausible guesses and analogies which the first rival philologist who comes along may meet with different guesses, not less plausible. However, it is most interesting to learn that our old friend Theodoric may have attracted into his legend (as distinct from his actual history) stories really belonging to "the Gaulish

Apollo," one of whose names he bore. Toutiorix was the Gaulish Apollo, and the word "can only mean king of the people." The notion "is borne out by the general similarity between the mythic statements made about Dietrich and what is known in Celtic literature about Celtic Sun-gods."

Perhaps a yet more unexpected equation is that which (in a roundabout way) connects Camelot with Ouranos, if Camulodunum be Camelot. Camulodunum is "the stronghold of Camulos." Now Camulos must (Professor Rhys says "must") "be equated with the old Saxon *Himil*, and the German word *Himmel*, heaven or sky, which etymologists refer to a stem, *hem*, Aryan *Kam*, inferred to mean 'curving, vaulting, or covering over.' . . . As a personal name, Camulos has its etymological equivalent in that of Cumal, King-warrior of Ireland and father of the great Finn, whose doings occupy so much room in Goidelic story. The name is to be compared in the first instance with that of *Oûpanos*, or Uranus, and the Sanskrit *Varunas*; but as that of a Celtic Mars one should undoubtedly regard it as a synonym rather of the Greek Zeus or Italian Jove, both of which names were expressive also of the idea of the sky or the heavens. . . . There is further evidence to prove beyond doubt the identity of the Teutonic Tiu with the Celtic war-god under another name than Camulos, but the discussion of it must be postponed." Professor Rhys infers that the Celtic Jupiter had functions which in Roman religion belong rather to Mars. He compares to Pluto, or Dis, the Celtic Cernunnos, and here his ingenuity seems a little too fertile. Why did Cernunnos squat, and why had he horns? Professor Rhys thinks him akin to the Norse deity, Heimdal, who has two names, "which are said to mean a ram," and rams have horns. But whence was the idea of a horned god of the nether world derived? "As the first in point of order in space . . . he may have been originally pictured as a huge elk or a gigantic urus sitting quietly under the weight of the world." He may; but the conjecture is too aerial. So Professor Rhys tries another guess. "Having due regard to the god's connexion or identity with the earth—that is to say, with the solid ground—one should rather suppose the horns with which the god was endowed to be the mythical exponents of the hills and mountains which diversify the surface of the globe."

Each theory could not possibly be more hypothetical. Meanwhile we have the analogy of the Ram-god of Egyptian Thebes, who appears to have inherited the attributes of the beast locally worshipped and locally never eaten except in a yearly solemnity. We have no guess at all as to why Cernunnos was horned; but perhaps not to guess is an attitude as scientific as to invent hypotheses incapable of being tested or demonstrated.

The greater part of Professor Rhys's lecture is concerned with the heroic legends of Ireland and Wales. It is his opinion, and perhaps the majority of the learned agree with him, that the mythic kings of Britain and Ireland are shadows of the elder Celtic gods. We confess that we are not inclined to believe, *a priori*, that this has been the rule of mythical development. These wild legends in early forms may have been current about heroes even while, before Cesar's time, the gods retained their honours. In any case, so very much local incident and colour has been introduced into the Welsh and Irish legends that we never could feel any certainty as to what elements, if any, are ancient and theological, what are recent and fanciful. For example, Nuada of the silver hand, King of the Fir Bolg or Bagmen, had lost a hand in war. Tiu also lost a hand in the mouth of Fenris's wolf, and Zeus had his tendons cut by Typho, and the lady in M. Fortuné du Boisgobey's *La Main Coupée* had her hand cut off, like the girl in the old French *chanson populaire*. But we cannot agree with Professor Rhys that because Tiu had his hand bitten off and Zeus had his tendons cut, therefore "the stories, you will see, differ considerably, but they are sufficiently similar to make it in the highest degree probable that the Irish Nuada is to be equated with Tiu and Zeus—in other words, Nuada may be safely regarded as a Celtic Zeus or Jupiter." No; we see neither the probability nor the safety of such inferences; above all, as Nuada's case is connected with a law which denied the crown to any maimed man. Other proofs turn on the hypothesis that Eogan Mor is a "Sun-hero," which we do not feel tempted to concede. Nor, if Irish fable has a tale of a man who carried about a fair lady in a glass case (p. 145), are we at all led to hold that he is the sun any more than the geni with the lady in the glass case in the *Arabian Nights* was the sun. But Professor Rhys is very bold, and says that the glass case "seems to be a sort of picture of the expanse of the heavens lit up by the light of the sun; and in the Mac Óc, going about with his glass structure, we have a representation of the Aryan Zeus in his original character of god of the Sun and Daylight." But how early did the Celtic branch of the "Aryan race" become acquainted with glass, not in cups and dishes, but in quantities large enough to box a lady up in? To us the tale seems a mere romantic invention, as in Grimm's fairy tale of the pretty girl in the sepulchre of glass.

We differ endlessly with Professor Rhys; but about his learning, candour, and frankness there can be no difference. His "must be's" do not always appear even "may be's" to us; but, if he has theorized beyond what may be known, all that is actually known he sets forth in a very attractive form. The book is excellently printed, has a capital index, and is rich in old stories of the romantic age in Ireland. It is extremely readable, even if we cannot believe in the Sun-heroes, and the Dusk-maidens, and Dawn-maidens.

NOVELS.*

IF any person should entertain the idea of reading these three novels consecutively, he is recommended to take them in the reverse order to that in which they are here considered. After a conscientious perusal of such works as will be presently discussed it is a treat to read so good a novel as *The Blacksmith of Voe*. Approximately speaking, it is everything that an everyday novel ought to be, and nothing that it ought not to be. It is not a work of genius inculcating moral principles, and worthy to be read again and again until it has become part of the lives of the cultivated, and until some degree of familiarity with its personages and events is a necessary element in a genteel education. Nor is it a disguised pamphlet about anything. It is just a straightforward ordinary story, told with animation and humour, in which we sympathize agreeably with virtue, and condemn the blackness and injudiciousness of sin. It interests, it amuses, and it does not teach. It is arranged with a suitable degree of skill, and written in good English. If there were more like it, it would be good for circulating libraries, and the vituperative talent—be the same greater or less—of reviewers would be less frequently exercised. Having justly signified so much in Mr. Cushing's favour, we may fairly point out to him that in his "prologue" he tells a falsehood. The miller of Voe having dropped a big stone on the head of his brother, the shepherd of Voe, whereby the latter has tumbled down a cliff, is said to "make his way down to his murdered brother." This is a definite assertion that the shepherd was dead, and that assertion is not true. It is legitimate for a novelist to deceive his reader, but he must deceive him by telling the truth in an artful manner. A convention of long standing has secured to novelists the right of describing as "lifeless" people who are not really dead, but their license goes no further. In this instance there is nothing to suggest Mr. Cushing's untruthfulness. Murders are often committed in prologues, and if Abel Boden had actually perished as he is here said to have Mr. Cushing would have been quite equal to the task of making a story out of the consequences. Without overlooking the sinfulness of deliberate deceit, we may acknowledge that the author does what he can to minimize his offence by confessing it immediately after the outset of his story. The shepherd of Voe comes back in twenty years, and becomes—nominally—the blacksmith of Voe, his identity being promptly revealed to the reader, but of course withheld for a time from the inhabitants of the village. The period of his absence has been sufficient for his son and his wicked brother's daughter to grow old enough to be interesting; and the blacksmith, the miller, and their respective offspring are obviously equal to the exigencies of three volumes. There is only one adventure, and nothing very startling in the way of complications. Two other personages substantially make up the caste—a cultured gentleman of leisure and his sister, rejoicing in the astonishing names of Balthasar and Janoca Phythian. They are both extremely good company, Balthasar, who is a rambling sort of philosopher, being the more amusing, and Janoca the more attractive as a human being, though each is favoured in both respects. The worst personage, in all senses of the word, is the miller. His remorse and his reflections concerning his crime are depicted with a reiteration of small symptoms which is a little tiresome; but the blacksmith, without being very new, is at once estimable and good company; and the young people and their affections manage to deserve the sympathy of the well-regulated without becoming dull. The scene of the romance is Derbyshire, the landscape is dealt with adequately and often, the local colouring is kept within proper bounds, and there is a rather good second villain, called Am Ende, to whom ultimately nothing happens. Mr. Cushing, by the way, is not happy in his nomenclature. To call a bad man Am Ende, and make small jokes about the desirability of his am-endeing his conduct, is unworthy of the merits of the story. We have said that Mr. Cushing's English is good. His French—at least "un mal quart d'heure"—is not good; but there is very little of it. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the story is good, and deserves to be read.

The Parting of the Ways is rather mad. No particular ways part in it, but the slovenliness of its title is perhaps the least of its faults. It contains two principal characters. Mr. Rapham, at the opening of the story, appears, out of the African parts of the *Ewigkeit*, with boundless wealth, which he has amassed there by slave-dealing. Subject to the disdain with which his friends, and the author, regard that branch of commerce, he is the ordinary *parvenu* millionaire of contemporary fiction. He "lives by contract," which means that his house, his food, his carriages, his men-servants and maid-servants, and everything that is his, are supplied by somebody in the nature of Mr. Whiteley; and much heavy fun is made out of the circumstance. The other important personage is Miss Norrice Bee, who presently marries an imbecile politician of ancient lineage, bearing the patrician name of Villedieu. Before doing so she has invented a machine, she being a mechanic of no ordinary skill. How it worked is not explained; but it is made too apparent that she devised it at the

* *The Blacksmith of Voe*. A Novel. By Paul Cushing, Author of "Misogyny and the Maiden" &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1888.

The Parting of the Ways. A Novel. By M. Betham-Edwards, Author of "Kitty" &c. London: Richard Bentley & Son. 1888.

Miracle Gold. A Novel. By Richard Dowling, Author of "The Mystery of Killard" &c. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

special instigation of Professor Stokes, and to the great displeasure of Mr. Karl Pearson, and, moreover, against the peace of mind of Sir William Grove, his fame and dignity, and contrary to the law of the conservation of forces in that case made and provided. It was nothing less than a machine for abolishing weight. It enabled mothers to carry their babies, soldiers to carry their knapsacks, slenderly framed young ladies to carry arm-chairs containing portly officials from the War Office, without feeling any weight whatever or incurring the least fatigue. It was a simple arrangement of straps and buckles, and either had or had not, at some stage in its activity, something to do with an electric battery. It was generally agreed that this invention would turn the world upside down, and indeed no reason appears why the first purchaser of it who felt disposed to do so should not have picked up this entire planet and walked away with it, whistling the Boulanger march; but it is not recorded to have produced any very startling results. Profits arose from its sale, and were cruelly appropriated by the ex-slave-merchant, and subsequently restored to the injured heroine; but that might have happened with her second great invention, which was nothing more startling than a mechanical washerwoman. This sort of absurdity is an insult to the reader. A novel can have no merit unless the things related can be imagined as having really happened. Therefore, a novelist who should make his hero jump over the moon or drink up the Serpentine would be justly condemned as a writer of mere nonsense, and Miss M. Betham-Edwards must on the present occasion be reluctantly relegated to that dismal category. Apart from the invention the story is dull, and written with a strangely uncertain hold upon the mysteries of the British tongue. A less novel, but hardly less objectionable, phrase is achieved on the death of the wicked slave-merchant when we are informed that "the spirit of the libertine passed away." The "Conclusion" contains a wild digression about the "diabolical wickedness" of vivisection when it is performed "with the object of alleviating human suffering," and we are philosophically asked, *à propos* of a marriage based more on convenience than on affection, "If, instead of personal attributes, belongings, surroundings, circum-jacencies are fallen in love with, may not the promise of wedlock be equally fair?"

If *The Parting of the Ways* is mad, *Miracle Gold* is madder. It is mainly about one Oscar Leigh who was a lunatic. He was also a "hideous, deformed, monstrous dwarf." His habits were disgusting. He had a particularly odious practice of pouring eau-de-cologne into his hands, taking it like snuff, and rubbing the dregs of it over his face. He was always saying "Hah!" and puffed, panted, groaned, and snorted with distressing frequency. He was, moreover, a fertile and inveterate liar. His lunacy took two active forms. One was the construction of a most marvellous clock. It told you most things, and wound itself up, sometimes with the assistance of a dummy figure of its inventor. The other was a scheme whereby he proposed to amass an enormous fortune by making imitation gold, to be called "miracle gold," and selling it a little below the market price of gold, from which it was to be indistinguishable by any known test. Here, however, he deviated into sanity. His method was to be simple. He had found a receiver of stolen goods, who had received a quantity of gold from a burglar, and was prepared to sell it cheap. This was to be the miracle gold. His insanity came in again in his having failed to consider how, after he had got his invention before the world, he was to keep up the supply. Eventually his clock was burnt, and he died, like T. Mivins, "of disgust." Among the persons who were privileged, in the course of the events narrated by Mr. Richard Dowling, to make the acquaintance of this nasty and futile person, were two lovely girls, no relation to each other, but so much alike that Leigh, when he first saw Dora, mistook her for Edith, with whom he was in love, and Hanbury, when he first saw Edith, mistook her for Dora, with whom he was in love, and to whom he was engaged to be married. The accidental likeness serves no purpose except to bring together Hanbury and Leigh, who might just as well have been left apart, and to make it more natural for Hanbury, when Dora jilted him, to become engaged to Edith in a week or so. Hanbury was the lineal personal representative of Stanislaus II., the last King of Poland. When Dora had persuaded him, much against his will, to take her for a walk through a slum, he dressed for the occasion "in a black frock-coat and low black felt hat." He was a man of the highest fashion. He had lucid intervals, but was dull while they lasted. The women in the book are naught. So is the story. It would be interesting if it were possible to ascertain whether there is more than meets the eye in the coincidence that *The Parting of the Ways* and *Miracle Gold* are both bound in gilt covers.

PHILOSOPHICAL LITERATURE.*

THERE is some temptation to a reviewer of Principal Drummond's elaborate treatise on *The Jewish-Alexandrian*

* *Philo Judæus; or, the Jewish-Alexandrian Philosophy in its Development and Completion.* By James Drummond, LL.D., Principal of Manchester New College, London. 2 vols. London: Williams & Norgate. 1888.

The Morality of Nations: a Study in the Evolution of Ethics. By Hugh Taylor. London: Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co. 1888.

A Student's Manual of Psychology. Adapted from the "Katechismus der Psychologie" of Friedrich Kirchner by E. D. Drought. London: Swan Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

Philosophy to enter upon a discussion of the whole subject rather than to examine the author's treatment of it. Were there no other objection, the two stout volumes before us show how futile were such a task. Dr. Drummond has been most minute and thorough in his work—so thorough, indeed, that much of the material which he has collected may be used against himself. Philo's confusion and inconsistency of thought are such that he lends himself to many interpretations; and, when we remember that each of his modern critics is apt to approach him from a special dogmatic standpoint, the difficulty of arriving at his probable meaning in particular cases is by no means lessened. The present author has endeavoured, not "to criticize Philo's philosophy, but simply to ascertain and expound it"; and, although he has been generally successful, there is now and then apparent a kind of bias in his work. Philo is made to appear at his best, and as more consistent than he really was. Before coming to the philosophy, Dr. Drummond gives an account of the circumstances in which it grew up and of the two great influences which helped to mould it. His picture of the state of Alexandria at the time when Eastern religion, become mystical, met Western philosophy, become sceptical, is at once true and graphic; while his portrait of the philosopher himself brings distinctly to light the different phases of his intellectual character. A Jew free from the narrowness generally associated with Judaism, a follower of Moses ready to avail himself of the culture of the Western schools, a believer in the one God, yet almost a Pantheist, an eclectic, but still an earnest man, Philo occupied a unique position. His influence upon the development of Christian theology was great; but we are glad, on the whole, that in the present work that matter has not been discussed, since we have escaped from the danger of theological controversy. In considering the Greek philosophers whose influence upon Philo is most apparent Dr. Drummond follows Heinze with regard to Heraclitus's conception of the Logos. He thinks it was "the rational law apparent in the world," and supposed to be analogous to human reason. "It is true what was subjective, conscious intelligence in us was objective, unconscious reason in the world." This is possible, but, even with the limitation of the last sentence, seems to go too far. Heraclitus never got beyond the materialistic conception, and the distinction between subjective and objective could not very well have been made by him. The Stoics, who adopted his physics, made the distinction visible, especially in their ethics, and their insistence upon it is the principal defect in their philosophy. Even with them, as our author admits (i. p. 83), the Logos was looked upon as something quite as material as Heraclitus's fire, although known under the new name of ether. At the same time, they seemed to rise above this in various ways, as in their notion of destiny and in the higher one of purposeful government of the world. The latter idea of itself is suggestive of the second great influence which bore upon Philo—namely, that from the religious side. As might be expected Dr. Drummond discusses this part of his subject with sympathy and intelligence. If too much of his discussion is taken up with examination of the theories of Gföhrer and Dahne without giving to them any very conclusive reply, the reason probably is that their doctrines as to Neoplatonic influence upon certain of the Hebrew writings are plausible, though as a rule somewhat arbitrary, and supported by quite insufficient evidence. In the Old Testament itself Philo could find quite enough material which, by his method of interpretation, might be harmonized with the prevalent Greek ideas. At first sight this would appear impossible. In face of the stern Monotheism of the Jews it seems difficult to conceive of their system of religion as having any kinship with the Pantheism of the Stoics. Yet the closer examination of the Old Testament reveals that there are certain points of relation which must not be overlooked. In Monotheism, no doubt, it is the negative relation between God and the world upon which most stress is laid. Still, the possibility—nay, the fact—of communion between God and man was ever in the thought of the writers; and, as Dr. Drummond indicates, their phrase "the angel of Yahveh" prepares the way for the Neoplatonic doctrine. "Their minds followed the religious tendency, and adopted language which satisfied the religious need, without submitting every expression to the analytical scrutiny of thought. But in any case we may discern here the dim feeling that that in God which is capable of manifestation is distinguishable from his transcendent and incomprehensible essence." Our author directs attention also to the phrase, "The word of God" in the Old Testament, although he wisely shows that the expression is related to the Alexandrian philosophy, more closely in phraseology than in thought. (It is worthy of note, in passing, that the same phrase is used by most Scottish Calvinists as referring to the Scriptures, and never, but in the most exceptional circumstances, in the sense suggested by the Fourth Gospel.) In the same way, when treating the Book of Ecclesiasticus, Dr. Drummond is disinclined to allow that it contains any elements for whose origin we must look to Alexandria. The *onus* of proof lies upon those who say that there are such elements; and no one acquainted with the book would venture to assert that they are predominant, or even distinct, in it. There are none of the traces which we should naturally expect of either Greek speculation or Greek culture. "It must be shown not only that the phrases and sentiments which are appealed to were to be found in Alexandria, but that they cannot possibly be indigenous to Palestine. This has scarcely been attempted, or, when attempted, has failed to carry conviction." To a certain extent these words (from i. p. 130) seem rather like

an invitation to prove a negative; but the author's real point is that what was specially prominent in Alexandrian speculation is conspicuously absent here. So far as the LXX is concerned, it can scarcely be denied that it bears traces of its Alexandrian origin which might be construed as having been derived from the prevalent philosophy of the place. The fault of those who are attached to this view is that they usually endeavour to prove too much, and, by their too ingenious exegesis of certain passages, throw doubt upon the character of their whole argument. The conclusive reasoning of Zeller, which is favoured in Dr. Drummond's work, is to the effect that there is no need to look for outside influence at all, since, the more civilized the Jewish community became, the more would they be anxious to substitute for the early and imperfect form of their religion one more spiritual, especially in its conception of God. There are many points in the admirable chapter on the Book of Wisdom which we should have liked to notice. It must be sufficient, however, to draw attention with approval to our author's remark that here the incomprehensibility of God is not insisted upon so much as his self-revelation, and with dissent to his endeavour (i. p. 213) to read into the book what is an entirely modern notion. Bretschneider may or may not be right in supposing that it teaches the doctrine of the annihilation of the wicked; but it is going quite beyond the circle of the ideas prevalent at the time when the book was written to say that "we might fairly speak of the soul's death when we refer, not to its extinction, but to the forfeiture, through sin, of its highest life." We may add that Dr. Drummond—perhaps for the sake of securing in this book a direct passage to the Logos doctrine—lays undue stress upon its philosophical character. Many of the controverted points are more readily explicable if we leave that aside, or, at any rate, if we allow it more or less of poetical indefiniteness. In the case of Philo himself, most students are likely to think that Dr. Drummond has made him out to have been more of a systematic thinker than he really was. Without exactly altering the material upon which he has been working, the commentator introduces a more perfect system and sometimes higher ideas than his subject possessed. He admits that "in Philo, notwithstanding the width and freedom of his culture, the practical and religious interest was supreme, and formed his standard of estimate for all the departments of human study," but in certain parts of his second volume he seems to forget that this was the case. It was exactly because the religious interest was supreme that Philo was unsystematic. The eternity of matter, the pervading notion of that as evil, the confusion of the idea of God as *rex virtus* with a wider and almost contradictory conception, the conjunction of Jewish religious notions with the prevalent philosophical ideas of the Stoics, the many different applications of the Logos—all these show that, however possible it may be to extract a system from them by abstraction or elimination, the confusion in Philo's mind was such as to prevent his formulating an orderly philosophy of the universe. Eclecticism never succeeds without a principle; when it has a principle it loses its character as eclecticism. Our view is that Philo was in this sense unprincipled. Dr. Drummond is more favourable, yet he is compelled to talk of Philo's "vagueness of treatment," to admit contradictions, and to speak of certain passages as having probably been written in "careless haste." Nowhere is the difficulty of an expositor more manifest than in the endeavour to reconcile popular language with scientific ideas; and in the present case, the task is well nigh impossible. We are told *e.g.* that Philo "rejects as impious both anthropomorphism and anthropopathism," yet we know perfectly well that he continually uses anthropomorphic language—"for the instruction of the mass of mankind," as he himself says. Again we find Dr. Drummond asserting, "with some degree of confidence," that Philo thought of God as incapable of being confined within the limits of any locality, and "altogether exempt from the conditions of space," while at the same time God is spoken of as a "boundary," and as containing all things "in a circle." Taking another example, Dr. Drummond says—and the expression is most unhappy—that in Philo's view of a particular case "the dependence of the correlative terms is not mutual, but is all on one side," though how two terms can be correlative, while one is dependent and the other independent, is somewhat of a puzzle. The chapters upon "The Divine Powers" and "The Logos" are able and elaborate attempts to show that Philo's position involved no contradictions. In the former, Dr. Drummond sets himself a hard duty—that of explaining why and in what sense Philo speaks of the Powers. He does not, however, meet the criticisms of Zeller or of Gföhrer effectually. If the Powers are manifestations of the unknowable Eternal, we are no better off than before, for we must ask what is the relation between them and the Eternal, and between them and the world. If, as Dr. Drummond says, they are identified with the Divine nature, why is that said to be unknowable? Even supposing that Philo did not believe in the personality of the Powers, the difficulty is not removed. On this as on many other points, especially in connexion with the Logos chapter, our author must expect to meet with considerable hostile criticism. We cannot go into further detail in criticizing his most valuable work, but we can safely prophesy that from foes as well as from friends the author will receive due thanks for the great care, judgment, and ability which characterize it throughout.

If Mr. Hugh Taylor had been at pains to study his subject a little longer, and to follow out certain lines of thought which are suggested in his book, *The Morality of Nations* would have probably been a work of quite conspicuous merit. As it is, we have

a very suggestive and interesting essay, marred only by the presence of views which are abstract, and therefore partial. The author is one of those, only too common among writers on ethics in the present day, who hold fast by the doctrine of evolution, without quite fully examining or understanding it. He applies his doctrine to ethics; and it is one of the best signs of his work that he is quick to note that there are certain limitations and changes necessary when we pass from the field of pure naturalism to that of spirit. Still, he does not see all that this change involves. He objects, it is true, to Mill's individualism (pp. 67, 69), but he does not see fully what is implied in the position which he himself takes up. He understands and insists upon the fact that "the morality of the whole is not the combined morality of the parts" (p. 66), and he is easily able to prove his thesis by a reference to the facts of history; yet he treats of the whole and the parts separately and abstractly, and consequently misses the valuable results to which he might otherwise have attained. Whenever he seems to have clearer insight—and there are many passages suggestive of this—it is only for a moment, and the imperfect view returns. When we read (p. 109) that "man, as a social being, requires, for the full development of his individuality, a vivid consciousness of the good of the community as distinct from, though involving, his own," and that individual activity "has never been developed to any extent when a national consciousness has been absent," we feel as though the author had reached the principle of which he is in search; and yet, when we read on, we find that he has not fully grasped it. In the chapter on "Morality and Force" Mr. Taylor is especially tantalizing. Throughout there are glimpses of the truth; but these are imperfect and unsatisfactory. In considering individual and organism he writes as though they not only could be, but actually are, separated the one from the other, losing sight of the fact that the individual, merging—as Mr. Taylor seems to admit he does—his own selfish individuality in the organism, receives therefrom a higher personality. By losing he finds himself. It is quite true that the law of individual development becomes subordinate to the law of social development (p. 103); but a better way of stating the truth would be to say that the latter is found to be the essential condition of the former. The individual, *quâ* individual, cannot develop at all. Since our author does not clearly see the process which we have indicated, it is not surprising to find him laying stress (p. 91) on the social sanction, and (p. 139) on Hobbes's idea of a coercive power. He tells us that "the instinct of self-denial derives much of its value from the stress laid upon it by society," and that "it is the force of the social sanction which reverses the self-destructive influence of altruism, and in a way identifies the opposite results of egoism and self-denial." This is quite a false way of looking at the matter. There is no morality in a self-sacrificing act which is done merely for the sake of approval; and there must be some rational ground for what Mr. Taylor here calls an "instinct." Altruism which is that and nothing more, self-sacrifice which has no end but itself, is valueless. Its negation, or renunciation, is of infinite worth only when it is looked upon as a step in a process—the denial of the natural which leads to the attainment of the spiritual. As to the reference to Hobbes and a "coercive power," Mr. Taylor again makes the mistake of trying to conceive of the individual by himself, and of a cluster of individuals who are every one isolated from every other. Any power which could coerce these must be external, arbitrary, and unnatural. The first part of the book is devoted to the "law of antagonism" between individuals, and shows how that disappears when the individual identifies himself with the organism. The second part dwells on the same law as between organisms, and leaves us there. Most evolutionists have the courage of their opinions so far as to prophesy; but Mr. Taylor confines himself to a hint and a hope. He has so strongly insisted upon antagonism that, even when he writes that it may only be a "phase" in moral evolution, he does not further pursue his thought. Had he done so carefully he would not have spoken of bare "identity" as the end to be reached, nor have called that "the greatest of all harmony." If he continues to study his subject, he will do well, in the first place, to abandon his ultra-empirical standpoint, and to learn that when reason goes to history the latter is sure to present a rational aspect. He will find that an absolute separation between the universal and the individual, as well as between individuals, is impossible, and that the end to be reached is that of the highest identity through and by the widest differences. He will then see more truth in Sir Henry Maine, and will recast his ideas both of justice and of the sacredness of property. His studies will also teach him that there is a way of looking at the question of freedom which is neither that of scientific fatalism nor that of the advocates of the liberty of indifference, so that he will cease to talk of "the lingering fiction of free-will." In short, he will discover that between the intuitionist moralists and himself there is another and a better way. We wish him well in his search for it.

The translation of Kirchner's *Student's Manual of Psychology* will be specially useful to those who study the mental phenomena from a physiological standpoint. To them Part II. will be the most interesting; for, even where its conclusions are assailable, the collection and arrangement of facts in support of them are of considerable value. In this part the sections upon the Freedom of the Will and upon Mental Diseases may be mentioned with approval. Such approval, however, cannot be given to the first portion of the book, wherein the influence of Herbart and—to

some extent—of Lotze is very apparent. Kirchner wishes to avoid spiritualism as well as a one-sided empiricism, and the result is by no means satisfactory. A single sentence will serve to show what his "ideal-realism" means. He says (p. 130):—"We reject both the dualism of matter and force, and the one-sided supposition of a material or immaterial principle, but we regard as the substance of the cosmic order the spirit who is vitally active under the form of matter." It is not easy to understand the complacency with which the author looks upon this position as a relief from difficulties. To explain spirit by a category which it requires spirit to explain is an old, but has never been a successful, trick. It is true enough that by losing all differences in self-identical "substance" you avoid subjective idealism and materialism alike; but how are you to get a step beyond the abstraction in which you seem to have found security? The philosophy of Spinoza—here cited—is surely the best historical example of the difficulty, which is not in the slightest degree lessened by saying that there is "no matter which is not somehow pervaded by spirit, no spirit which is not manifested in matter." Are matter and spirit, then, to be looked upon as upon the same plane? If they are, the difficulties return. If they are not, we require some more satisfactory non-dualistic explanation than Kirchner gives. But the whole of his psychology is defective, and it is needless to dwell upon individual faults. Even the short "History" at the beginning is imperfect, and from its very condensation tends to become misleading.

IRISH WONDERS.*

"GO where you will in Ireland," says the author of *Irish Wonders*, "the story-teller is there, and, on slight provocation, will repeat his narrative; amplifying, explaining, embellishing, till from a single fact a connected history is evolved, giving motives, particulars, action, and result, the whole surrounded by rustic imagery, and told with a dramatic force that an actor might envy." Mr. McAnnally has collected his materials for the presentation of this phase of unwritten Celtic literature "during a recent lengthy visit, in the course of which every county in the island was traversed from end to end, and constant association had with the peasant tenantry." The result of this labour of love is fourteen chapters, in which stories well known to the folklorist appear in the most modern Irish setting—e.g. when the mythical lord of the castle now covered by the waters of Lough Conn, in County Mayo, determined to make a fish-pond on the site of his village, we are told that he carried out the eviction of the inhabitants "wid process-sarvers, an' bailiffs, an' constables, an' sogers, an' polis." One of the evicted knelt upon the ground and cursed the chief, praying that "the throat pond 'ud be the death of him." The prayer was promptly answered; the waters rose, nor ceased to rise till they reached the battlements of the castle, where the chief was "down on his hard-hearted knees, sayin' his bairns as fast as he could, an' bawlin' at all the saints aither to bring him a boat or taiche him how to swim quick." As may be expected, the saints disregarded his appeal, and sent him to "where he naded more wather than he left behind him, an' had the compny av a shwarm av other landlords that turned the poor out to starve." The unconscious anachronisms of this story remind us of Mr. Plowden's description of a picture in an Abyssinian church, representing the passage of the Red Sea, where the Egyptian soldiers of Pharaoh's host are represented as holding their muskets over their heads to keep them dry. Scepticism, we grieve to state, seems to be making progress among the Irish peasantry, although Mr. McAnnally found "a boatman on the Shannon, a respectable man," who told him how Lough Ree was made, with the preface "sure that's no laigend, but the blessed truth as I'm living this minnit, for I'd sooner cut out me tongue be the root than deave yer Anner, when every wan knows there's not a taste av a lie in it at all." We learn for the first time that the "Phooka" has been tamed, and no longer indulges in the pranks about which we used to read in Croker's delightful *Crooked Back* and *Daniel O'Rourke*. There seems to be a good and a bad Banshee, the picture of the latter closely resembling a Japanese Bogy in one of Mr. Andrew Lang's books; but no mention is made of the pride which a true blue-blooded Irish family takes in the possession of a Banshee. We well remember an aristocratic old lady observing with scorn:—"No, my dear, the O'Grady's have a Banshee, and the O'Neills have a Banshee; but the —'s! the idea of their setting up to have one!" There is a short and rather disappointing chapter on "The Polis," an "Irish Wonder," we suppose. It is, moreover, most unsympathetically written; indeed, though no clue is afforded to the author's nationality besides his name, his writing, when not in the Irish dialect, has a strong American flavour. From a hint let fall in this chapter we conjecture that the American labels on his portmanteau or some peculiarity of dress or manner attracted the attention of the "polis," to whom, indeed, his wanderings must have appeared mysterious in the extreme. The illustrations are of very unequal merit, some of the landscapes being exceedingly pretty, while most of the large figures—for example, the lady throwing some nondescript object like a large coconut out of the window of a Round Tower—are simply absurd. The page, moreover, is of an awkward shape, and the type somewhat fatiguing to the eye.

* *Irish Wonders*. By J. R. McAnnally, Jun. London: Ward, Lock, & Co.

THREE CLASSICAL TRANSLATIONS.*

OF the two volumes of Bohn's Classical Library before us, the first requires less notice than the second. Of the Four Platonic Dialogues (produced in carrying out Messrs. Bell's useful idea of still further popularizing Bohn's various libraries by subdividing the volumes or issuing new ones at a less price) nothing more need be said than that those selected are the "Apology," the "Crito," the "Phædo," and the "Protagoras," that these four are undoubtedly best suited for him who is commencing Platonist, and that if he be so exceedingly unfortunate as not to be able to read them in the divine language of the original, the commencing Platonist must, no doubt, put up with a translation.

The second volume also requires no long, but it requires a little longer, mention. It must have been, from its preface, dated March 1 in the present year, the last work of the late Mr. King, who, judging from the frequent misprints, can hardly have corrected it for press; it is illustrated with reproductions of some of the gems he loved so well, it is busied to a great extent with that theosophy to the study of which his study of gems led him, and it is a good example of his considerable faculty for translation. But in substance it is rather what is called in not quite translatable French a *livre factice*. Instead of giving all Julian's own work, Mr. King has only given the short tracts "Upon the Sovereign Sun" and "Upon the Mother of the Gods," and has filled up more than two-thirds of the volume with Gregory Nazianzen's somewhat prolix attack on Julian and with Libanius's intolerably long-winded apology for him. No doubt, as Mr. King says, it is a curious and a rare thing to get *pro* and *con* stated in this way by contemporary persons of unusual information and talent. But, then, the worthy father and the worthy sophist are both so very long for any amount of fact that they have to communicate! Gregory was a man of great ability as well as sanctity, and Libanius, if not a saint, was very far from a fool. But they both preach; and a preaching a hundred pages long (it is fair to Gregory to say that his is two preachments) is rather too much of a good thing.

The third book is even more of a *livre factice* than the second. Mr. Clode must have taken nearly as much trouble with his actual fashion of arranging his book as if he had simply translated it from the original, and the result is very much less satisfactory. About half is taken, "with some slight alterations," from L'Estrange's *Seneca's Morals by way of Abstract*, which was itself not even a loose translation, but a kind of hash—a "digest," as the eccentric author calls it. The rest is taken from the still earlier work of Lodge, the dramatist-physician, with "alterations sparingly introduced." Thus we have two different varieties of not too scholarly archaism placed side by side, each deprived of such genuine archaic charm as in its purity it might possess by "slight alterations." Such a proceeding is neither just to Seneca, nor to Sir Roger, nor to Lodge, nor, we may add, to Mr. Clode himself. It has, indeed, produced a by no means unreadable book; for Lodge's work is often delightful, and L'Estrange's has a good deal of raciness and of unkempt vigour, which Mr. Clode has wisely abstained from "altering" too much. But we cannot commend his method.

MINERALS OF NEW SOUTH WALES.†

THE mineral wealth of the colony of New South Wales is great, but in regard to this the amount of exact scientific information which is to be found is not so large as might have been anticipated. Hence the present volume is a welcome addition to our knowledge, especially as it has been prepared by one whose authority as a man of science is already so great. The book, as we are told in the Introduction, had its origin in a paper read before the Royal Society of New South Wales in December 1874. This was afterwards augmented and included in the *Mineral Products of New South Wales*, issued by the Mining Department of the colony in 1882, and we have in the present volume a separate, enlarged, and practically re-written treatise, containing a considerable number of analyses of minerals and rocks, with much interesting information relating to their occurrence. Indicating, as the book does, the remarkable progress and the hopeful future of the colony of New South Wales, it has been appropriately published in the centennial year.

The first place in the book is given to gold, in which metal the colony is so rich. On the cover and on one of the pages is depicted a mass of gold, showing crystals of unusual size, which belongs to the Museum of Science and Art at Edinburgh, and is believed to have been obtained from New South Wales, though the exact locality is unknown. This specimen, Professor Liversidge states, is "perhaps one of the finest in existence," for well-developed crystals of gold are extremely rare, and never of large size. They seldom exceed a quarter of an inch in diameter, and generally are imperfectly developed, the faces being ordinarily

* *Four Dialogues of Plato*. Translated by H. Cary. London: Bell & Sons. 1888.

† *Julian the Emperor*. Translations by W. King. London: Bell & Sons. 1888.

‡ *The Morals of Seneca*. Edited by Walter Clode. "Camelot Classics." London: Walter Scott.

§ *The Minerals of New South Wales, &c.* By A. Liversidge, M.A., F.R.S., Professor of Chemistry and Mineralogy in the University of Sydney. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

more or less cavernous. In this specimen some of the crystals appear to surpass the above-mentioned magnitude, and to be well developed. An account of the more important New South Wales nuggets follows; several of these ranged between 100 and 300 ounces, but one of the largest weighed about 1,272 ounces. The history of the discovery of this extraordinary mass is given at some length. It is a curious instance of what is sometimes called "beginner's luck." It was found by a young native Australian in the service of a Mr. Kerr, among a heap of quartz on a creek on the river Turon, about fifty-three miles from Bathurst. The youth had been brought up at the Wellington Mission, and could thus understand the cause of the excitement which already existed in the colony. So he had taken a tomahawk—certainly not a very convenient substitute for a geological hammer—and had gone out "prospecting" over his employer's run:—

His attention was first called to the lucky spot by observing a speck of some glittering yellow substance upon the surface of a block of quartz, upon which he applied his tomahawk and broke off a portion. At that moment the splendid prize stood revealed to his sight. His first care was to start off home and disclose his discovery to his master, to whom he presented whatever gold might be procured from it.

The gold in the nuggets is never quite pure, but is always alloyed more or less with silver, together with traces of copper, bismuth, iron, and other metals. Thus the colour varies in different specimens. As a rule, the New South Wales gold is a fairly deep yellow, darker than that from Southern Queensland, but rather lighter than that from Victoria. Elaborate tables of analyses are given by Professor Liversidge, from which it appears that the average fineness of New South Wales gold is 22 carats 18.75 grains, or 93.5 per cent. gold and 6 per cent. silver, the residue consisting of various metals. Victorian gold is slightly finer, containing about 96 per cent. of that metal; while Queensland gold contains on an average only 87.25 per cent. Poorer still is the Maryborough gold, which has only 85 per cent. gold, with as much as 14 per cent. silver. The richest gold is from Mount Morgan, where it is practically pure.

An interesting summary is given of the history of gold discovery in New South Wales, a subject which has led to considerable controversy in Australia. From this it appears pretty clear that gold had been found more than once, though in small quantities, by convicts between the years 1814 and 1825, but that for obvious reasons the quest was more than discouraged by the authorities. Indirect evidence of its occurrence was, however, twice or thrice obtained prior to the year 1839, when gold was undoubtedly discovered *in situ* by Count Strzelecki; but he also refrained from publishing the discovery in consequence of the representations of the Governor, who argued that, if the colonies were known to be gold regions, the maintenance of discipline would be impossible. Two years later gold was again found *in situ* by the Rev. W. B. Clarke; but the first person to obtain it in remunerative quantities appears to have been a shepherd named Macgregor, in the year 1843-4. Gold was systematically worked and its existence in great quantities in various parts of the colony was demonstrated by Mr. Hargraves in 1851. In that year, the first included in the tables published by Professor Liversidge, 144,121 ounces were obtained. Since that date there have been considerable fluctuations in the amount produced. The largest was so early as 1852, when 818,751 ounces were obtained. A rapid fall then occurred, but after 1857 another rise began, until, in 1862, 640,622 ounces were procured. There was then a more gradual decline, followed by a rise to 425,130 ounces in 1872, since when there has been a slow but almost uniform decline, the quantity recorded in 1881 being 101,417 ounces.

A considerable quantity of silver is obtained in the colony. The native metal is very rare, but its compounds occur, and many ores of other metals are argentiferous. The quantity produced shows of late years a rapid increase, more than a million ounces being recorded in 1886. Platinum has been obtained in small quantities. The colony is rich in the ores of copper, lead, iron—those of zinc, tin, arsenic, antimony, with the very local metals bismuth and mercury, occur in considerable quantities—but nickel, cobalt, and even manganese are uncommon. Besides other of the less familiar metals, some of the rarest, such as osmium, iridium, and cerium, have been found. Altogether, in the produce of metallic minerals of commercial value New South Wales stands third among our colonies, being only surpassed by Victoria and the Cape of Good Hope.

Diamonds have been known to occur in the colony since 1851, and there are workings at two places—Mudgee and Bingera—each of which is estimated to have produced about six thousand specimens. The diamonds seem to be generally of small size, the largest recorded weighing about 5.625 carats. All have been obtained from alluvial deposits. Professor Liversidge avails himself of the prevalent laxity among mineralogists to include coal in his volume, though of course it has no right to be classified as a mineral, being really a rock. This, however, is excusable under the circumstances; and we accordingly obtain a valuable summary of facts relating to the New South Wales coal-fields. It is estimated that the seams which are now being worked underlie, within a readily accessible depth, 3,328 square miles, or nearly half of the area of the coal-fields of Great Britain. None of the shafts are at all deep as compared with those of the mother-country, many seams, indeed, being worked by adits. The strata also, as a rule, are either horizontal or but slightly inclined, which of course much enhances the value of the deposits. From the analyses given the New South Wales coals appear to contain a

little more ash than the average English coals. Considerable quantities of material allied to torbanite or "kerofene-shale" have been found, the value of that obtained in 1886 being nearly 100,000*l*.

Several minerals in request for ornamental purposes are found in the colony. Opals of good quality occur, but are not common. These differ markedly from the well-known deep-coloured opals procured from the Bulla Creek, Queensland. Sapphires are not uncommon, especially in the auriferous districts. The ruby is much more rare. The colourless, yellow, and brown varieties of crystallized alumina have also been obtained. Beryls are rather common, and emeralds have been found. Zircons are frequent, especially in the auriferous drifts, some of them being "very beautiful gem stones of a hyacinth-red colour." Topaz is comparatively abundant all over the granite region of New England, especially, as is ordinarily the case, in the stanniferous districts. Garnets are as usual common in districts where granitic rocks or schists occur, but it is not said that any of them are of value as gems. Various forms of spinel are also found, but these do not appear to have been polished as gems. On the ordinary minerals, quartz, felspar, mica, hornblende, and the like, it is needless to dwell, but it may be noted in passing that the colony, according to Professor Liversidge, contains good marbles. Mineral springs occur, but these at present are little known.

An appendix, which occupies nearly one-third of the volume, contains a series of papers written at various times by Professor Liversidge, which, as stated in the Introduction, are republished here, as being out of print. Some relate to geology rather than to mineralogy, and more than half of them refer to places which cannot be included even in the continent of Australia, as New Guinea, New Britain, New Ireland, and New Caledonia. We think, however, that, although this is giving a liberal interpretation to the "etcetera" of the title-page, Professor Liversidge has done well to reprint these papers, because they include the results of much careful chemical work, and the student is thus enabled to refer to a number of interesting analyses without the trouble of searching up and down periodicals not always readily accessible. Some, however, of the papers are germane to the main purpose of the book, such as an account of the Bingera Diamond Fields, and notes on meteorites, two from New South Wales and a third from Queensland. Figures are given of all these, and of the first, the Denliquin or Barrata meteorite, an enlarged microscopic section is represented; this meteorite is composed essentially of ferromagnesian silicates (olivine and enstatite), with nickeliferous iron. The other meteorite from Bingera is of small size—weighing only a little more than 240 grammes—and is almost wholly metallic, containing 93.76 per cent. of iron and 4.39 per cent. of nickel. The Queensland meteorite, which appears to have been of large size, but of which only a fragment was forwarded to Professor Liversidge, is also one of the metallic group.

The book, as will be inferred from our summary, is not one likely to attract the general reader, but it will be of great use to the scientific student, as containing so many analyses of minerals and rocks, and so much precise information. On this account also it will be very valuable to all interested in the economic progress of the colony of New South Wales. It includes the results of much independent research, as well as of careful compilation, and cannot fail to add to the high scientific reputation which Professor Liversidge has already obtained. Among other recommendations of the book are full indices, and an excellent map, showing the distribution of the principal minerals in the colony.

TRAVELS THROUGH ENGLAND.*

BY printing this instalment of Dr. Pococke's *Travels through England* the Camden Society shows that it is willing to extend its labours to manuscripts of a later date than those which generally engage its attention. And no one who reads the volume before us is likely to regret that the Society has included it in its publications; for it is full of interesting matter. Pococke, a Hampshire man by birth, held the office of precentor, first at Lismore, and then at Waterford, about the middle of last century. He was promoted to the bishopric of Ossory, and died in 1765, shortly after his translation to the See of Meath. Before he became a bishop he spent much of his time in travelling, and published two volumes of his travels in Egypt, Syria, and other countries. His tours in England are recorded in transcripts from letters addressed to his mother, and these are now being printed by the Society for the first time; the original letters, the editor tells us, have perished, the transcripts are in the British Museum. The present volume begins with a tour made in the summer of 1750. Pococke landed in the Isle of Man, where he was entertained by Bishop Wilson, crossed to Liverpool, visited several places in Staffordshire and Cheshire, travelled about in the Lake country, again entered Lancashire, crossed into Yorkshire, where he was a guest at some great houses, and then journeyed to London by Newark, Stamford, Huntingdon, Cambridge, and Waltham. Next comes the record of a tour through Devonshire, Cornwall, and Somerset, and, lastly, some notices of another

* *The Travels through England of Dr. Richard Pococke, successively Bishop of Meath and of Ossory, during 1750, 1751, and later years.* Edited by James Joel Cartwright, M.A., F.S.A., Treasurer of the Society. Vol. I. Printed for the Camden Society. 1888.

journey chiefly through the midland counties, undertaken in the spring of the following year. Pococke describes the places he visited with considerable care, and, as he was an intelligent traveller, his letters are full of welcome information. He was a man of various tastes. He evidently collected fossils, and was interested in all matters of natural history. Considering the terms in which mountain scenery was then generally described, the admiration he expresses for the beauties of the Lake country is certainly creditable to him. At the same time the kind of scenery which evidently pleased him most was that presented by an "improved" pleasure-ground, with water flowing from one basin into another, and finally into a "fine [artificial] serpentine river," and a temple at the summit of an artificial mound, "with three or four vistas, one terminated by some Dorick building," and he gives full descriptions of "improvements" of this sort at Bramham House, Wentworth Castle, Stowe, and other famous places. All ancient monuments delighted him greatly, and his letters contain many notices of barrows, standing stones, and camps, and many copies of Roman and other inscriptions. He was not insensible to the splendour of noble buildings, and often recognized their special points of beauty or interest. His knowledge of architecture, however, may be gauged by his describing the columns of St. Joseph's Chapel at Glastonbury as "a sort of Gothick-Corinthian pilasters." In his account of Glastonbury, by the way, he makes a mistake that ought to have been explained in a footnote. The smaller parish church (St. Benedict's) has, he says, "Bishop Bevis [?] cypher and mitre on it"; the editor might as well have noted that the initials and mitre belong to Abbot Beere, who restored the church, and whose rebus, a beer-jug, appears on some of the battlements. The most valuable parts of Pococke's letters are his observations on the condition of the towns he visited, and on the trade and industries of the country generally. Only a few examples of these can be given here. Liverpool he finds much increased in size since his last visit; the people were building a fourth church, "have a great trade to the West Indies, send some ships to Guinea, and, I suppose, are the next town in trade to Bristol. They have no less than eight manufactories of glazed earthenware, which is reckoned among the best in England." At Halifax, which he likens for situation to Jerusalem, were, it was thought, eight thousand souls, of whom a few were Quakers and some Presbyterians. There he saw the stone stage on which "they used to execute with the maid, after the Scotch custom"—a mode of execution which was, he believes, adopted when the woollen manufacture was first established in the town, in order to prevent the colliers from stealing the cloth. The situation of Nottingham reminded him of some part of Constantinople; "it begins," he writes, "to be much frequented by gentlemen, some who retire to it from their country-houses, others who have left off trade, and many gentlemen of the neighbourhood have houses here for the winter." Doncaster chiefly subsisted "by being a great thoroughfare." He gives an account of the manner of making earthenware, stone-ware, and china in Staffordshire, describes the Cornish tin-works, has a good deal to say about the foul air in coal-mines, and notices in many small towns and villages the existence of manufactures which have now wholly, or almost wholly, been absorbed by larger places. As his editor remarks, he does not tell us much about the condition and habits of the people. Still, we get some interesting particulars, which are quoted in the Preface, as to the mode of life among the small farmers of Lancashire. He was struck by the "civility and obliging behaviour" of the inhabitants of the pottery villages of Staffordshire, and in Cornwall found the "common people much polished and ready to do all kind offices, especially among the tinners." In the western parts of Cornwall he says that the parish feasts—the wakes that Laud was so careful to preserve—were kept "with great prophaneness and debauchery," and mentions the habit of wrecking, "even to the breaking up of vessels." He tried to meet with some one who spoke Cornish, but declares that those who pretended to be able to do so only knew "a few common expressions" and the "derivation of names of places."

FOUR BOOKS ON TEUTONIC PHILOLOGY.*

IN the four works named below, Professor Skeat has given to the world the results of his labours during some twenty years in four different, though closely allied, spheres of knowledge. In 1868 he published under the auspices of the Philological Society a *Moeso-Gothic Glossary*, with references to all the extant works of Wulfila. It was an excellent idea to follow this up by an edition of a single Gospel, with a short grammar and glossary especially adapted for the use of beginners, and procurable at a small cost. No one who is interested in the history

* *The Gospel of St. Mark in Gothic according to the Translation made by Wulfila*. Edited, with a Grammatical Introduction and Glossarial Index, by the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, M.A. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

Principles of English Etymology. By the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, Litt.D. First Series. *The Native Element*. Oxford: Clarendon Press.

The Gospel according to St. Matthew in Anglo-Saxon, Northumbrian, and Old Mercian Versions, synoptically arranged. New edition. By the Same. Cambridge: at the University Press.

The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman, in Three Parallel Texts; together with Richard the Redeless. By William Langland. Edited, with Preface, Notes, and Glossary, by the Same. 2 vols. Oxford: at the Clarendon Press.

of the English language has now any excuse for not knowing at least the elements of Gothic, so necessary for the student of English philology. Gothic enables us, as it were, to get behind the phenomena of our own language, and to see causes at work which even in the earliest monuments of the English tongue had already produced their full effect. Moreover, by tracing English words back to their Gothic forms we are often enabled to establish their identity with corresponding words in other languages, though the original similarity may have wholly disappeared in the course of time. We take one or two examples almost at random, as they happen to meet our eye in turning over Mr. Skeat's pages. When we find, for instance, that the Gothic for "net" is *nati*, we see at once the reason for the form of the English word. *Nati* is a neuter *ja* stem. The termination has got worn away in the course of ages, but it has left its mark in the modification of the broad vowel *a* of the root into the narrow vowel of "net." So when we find that the Gothic for "tooth" is *tunthjus*, plural *tunthjus*, we see not only the reason for the vowel change in the English plural "teeth," but also the identity of English *tooth* with Greek *odon* and Latin *dent*. Again, the word for "mightier" in Mark i. 7 is *swinthoza*. This, with loss of *n* before *th*, as in *tunthus*, and change of *z* (i.e. voiced *s*) into *r*, gives us the A.-S. comparative *swiðor*, so often used where we say right, "the right hand" &c.—i.e. literally the stronger hand; a fact which in turn confirms the proposed identification of the root of *sinister* with that of *sener*, the common idea being that of weakness, and *sinister* being like *swiðor* a comparative in form. Having thus given some indication of the interest of Gothic to the intelligent student of English, we have only to say that Mr. Skeat's work is excellently adapted to the end he had in view in writing it; the paradigms are clear, the notes short and to the point.

There is a story told of a man who read a dictionary (we forget in what language) straight on end, and when he had finished, he is said to have observed that it was an interesting book, but a little disconnected. To obviate this want of connexion, Professor Skeat has, in the second work on our list, brought together the results arrived at in his Etymological Dictionary under the heads of the processes and principles which they illustrate. He has produced a useful, and in a sense an interesting, book—that is to say, it is a book which contains many interesting things. Two chapters are devoted by Mr. Skeat to the subject of spelling and spelling reform. We confess we do not see that the subject is much advanced by sentences like the following:—"It is surely a national disgrace to us to find that the wildest arguments . . . are constantly being used even by well-educated persons, whose ignorance of Early English pronunciation and of modern English phonetics is so complete that they have no suspicion whatever of the amazing worthlessness of their ludicrous utterances" (p. 296). That is surely what Mr. Matthew Arnold calls "a style as far removed from urbanity as possible." It is not often that Mr. Skeat mislays his temper in this way. We do not propose to discuss the question as a whole, but one or two remarks we are tempted to make. The old scribes, says Mr. Skeat, spelt as they pronounced. And the consequence is that they all spelt differently. That is often very interesting to us, as it may enable us to tell the dialect or province to which the scribe of a manuscript belonged. But is Mr. Skeat going to "restore the heptarchy" in literature? Education, locomotion, centralization do away with many interesting local traits; but we do not therefore propose to reverse the progress of the century. And as it was inevitable that the invention of printing should substitute uniformity for local variety, so it was inevitable that it should stereotype that uniformity when once it was attained; just as the codification of unwritten customs arrest their further development by practice.

Among the works projected by the late Mr. Kemble was an edition of the Gospels which should show in one synoptic view the earliest and latest forms of the West-Saxon text (MSS. C.C.C.C. No. 140. Bodl. Hatton No. 38 [formerly 65]), the interlinear Northumbrian gloss of the Lindisfarne Gospels (Cotton MS. Nero D. iv.), and the similar gloss, partly Mercian and partly Northumbrian, contained in the Rushworth Gospels (Bodl. Auct. D. ii. 19). Mr. Kemble died before the completion of St. Matthew, which was finished by his colleague, the Rev. C. Hardwick, and appeared in 1858. The remaining three Gospels were edited by Mr. Skeat, and appeared in 1871, 1874, and 1878 respectively. The re-issue, therefore, of St. Matthew by Mr. Skeat gives us a homogeneous edition of the whole four Gospels, and is on that and many other grounds thoroughly welcome. The standard of accuracy in editing MSS. has advanced considerably since Kemble's day, and Mr. Skeat claims to have secured greater exactness in this respect. In order to test this claim we determined to collate a chapter in Mr. Skeat's edition with the two Oxford MSS. (Hatton and Rushworth) which furnish two out of his four texts. As regards the Hatton MSS. the result may be very briefly dismissed. We chose almost at random the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew. The only errors which we detected were that in v. 12, the MS. seemed to us to have *werhtan* for Mr. Skeat's *worktan*; in v. 13 it certainly has *wercenne* for his *wyrcenne*, while in v. 29 *Iericho* is spelt with an initial capital. We should in one or two cases differ from Mr. Skeat as to the divisions between words and syllables, and, indeed, we think generally that the plan adopted by Professor Earle of representing the spacing of the MS. by corresponding spaces in printing is very preferable to Mr. Skeat's plan of inserting hyphens.

An eye accustomed to the look of an Anglo-Saxon MS. resents the presence of a hyphen as a modern and incongruous element. More important is, that its insertion sometimes begs questions which ought to be left open. As regards the Rushworth MS., the result of our inspection was less satisfactory. In v. 22 the scribe at first wrote "pa ondswarede," he then smudged out the "pa," and inserted it after "ondswarede." The reason of this was that the scribe began to write in the natural Saxon order, and then altered it to suit the order of the Latin which he was glossing, "respondens autem." So in v. 23 the scribe had written "ge iarwad" (gl. paratum), but the "ge" is smudged. Now, we are not sure that this was not unintentional, and that the form was not meant to be ge-iarwad parallel with the ge-gearwad of the Lindisfarne text. Anyhow, as Mr. Skeat professes to mention all the corrections of the text, these facts ought to have been noted. More important is that in v. 27 the words "betwix eow" after "wile" are omitted altogether (Kemble here omitted nearly a whole verse); while at the beginning of v. 33 a "j" (and) is inserted which is not in the MS. In this text also there are questions of word-division on which we should be inclined to differ with Mr. Skeat. But the inspection of the Rushworth MS. has suggested to us a more interesting question than that of Mr. Skeat's exact accuracy. The Lindisfarne gloss is, as we have said, Northumbrian throughout. The Rushworth gloss on St. Matthew is Mercian, and moreover is much freer in character. For whereas the former is an inter-linear version on the Hamiltonian method, each Saxon word being written above the Latin word which it translates, regardless of Saxon order and syntax, the latter is much freer, and though influenced, as we have shown, by the Latin order, approaches more nearly to the character of an independent translation. But with the beginning of St. Mark the character of the Rushworth gloss changes; it becomes Northumbrian, and follows so closely the Lindisfarne MS. that it must have been copied, either from that or some closely related MS. Soon after the same point—namely, at Mark ii. 15—the hand of the scribe changes; and, with the curious exception of three verses in St. John (xviii. 1-3), where there is a reversion to the former hand, and to the former Mercian and freer style of gloss, this continues to the end. From notes in the MS. we know who these two scribes were—namely, Færmán, a priest of the monastery of Harewood in the West Riding, and a scribe named Owun. How is the difference in their work to be explained? Dr. Murray's view, adopted by Mr. Skeat in the preface to St. John, is that Færmán made an independent version of St. Matthew; that he then became acquainted with the Lindisfarne gloss, and began to copy it; but, wearying of the work of mere transcription, handed it over to Owun to complete. Against this view, plausible and ingenious as it is, the following facts may be noted (we confine ourselves still to the twentieth chapter of St. Matthew). In the latter half of v. 6 the gloss runs, "gemette opre standende," i.e. he met with others standing; the Latin under this passage originally stood "uidit alios stantes"; but *uidit* has been altered by the glossator into *inuenit* (which is the reading of the Lindisfarne text) in order to bring it into harmony with the gloss. In the same way, in v. 21 the glosser has inserted the word *díc*, which was not in his Latin text, because the Saxon version has *cwæp*. In the same way, *mean* is inserted in v. 23. Mr. Skeat has noticed these alterations of the Latin text, but he has not, we think, mentioned, what seems to us abundantly clear, that they are in the same hand and ink as the gloss. Hence the conclusion seems inevitable that the gloss to St. Matthew is not the original work of Færmán, but was copied by him from some glossed MS., the Latin text of which did not agree exactly with that of the MS. into which he copied the gloss; and so he had to alter his Latin text in order to bring it into harmony with the gloss. A curious little fact confirming this view is the following. In v. 13 the scribe, instead of "be dinere daglicum," "for a daily penny," i.e. "for a penny a day" (*dinere* being the Latin *denarius*), wrote at first "be dinere dagullicum," i.e. "for a secret penny." Now the adverb "degullice," *secretly*, actually occurs a little lower down, in v. 17, as a gloss to *secreto*. It was easy for a scribe, copying mechanically, to confuse *daglicum* and *dagullicum*, especially if his eye caught the word *degullice* lower down in the page; but it is inconceivable that an independent translator should have written such nonsense as "a secret penny." We are driven, therefore, to the conclusion that the difference in the Rushworth MS. between the gloss on St. Matthew and that on the other three Gospels is due to the fact that they were copied from two different MSS., and not, as Dr. Murray and Mr. Skeat thought, to the fact that the one was and the other was not the independent work of Færmán himself.

We have departed slightly from the chronological order of publication in our list, in order to observe the principle of keeping the best till last. In the two handsome volumes published by the Clarendon Press Mr. Skeat has brought together the results of twenty years' untiring labour on the text of *The Vision of Piers the Plowman*. These results have been known and appreciated by scholars as they appeared from time to time in the publications of the Early English Text Society. But those publications, though invaluable to students, are not very accessible to the general public, nor very acceptable to those who care for books as books, and not merely as literary tools.

For the text Mr. Skeat has done almost everything that could be done, having collated all the more important of the forty-five MSS. at present known to exist; nor is it likely that even the

discovery of other MSS. would seriously affect the results arrived at. It is curious that of these forty-five MSS. only one contains the poem on Richard II. (Richard the Redeless), which is almost certainly by the same author. The fact is a striking illustration of the insecurity of the times, and of the danger supposed to attend the possession of literature bearing directly on current politics. The notes are a perfect mine of illustrations, historical, social, literary, and philological to the text of the poem. The French proverb says that everything comes to him who knows how to wait, a saying which is eminently true of literary research. We can easily imagine the pleasure of Mr. Skeat in coming upon some of the apt parallels which he has brought together from so many sources. Our only regret is that Mr. Skeat has not combined these illustrations into a general view of the relation of the poem to the history, life, and literature of the times. In return for this we would gladly have surrendered the copious extracts which he has given us in his Introduction from Whitaker and Milman. There are just a few points in the notes on which we are inclined to differ from Mr. Skeat. We will just mention one or two of the more important of these, in order to show that we are not oblivious of the first duty of a critic. On pp. 119 and 175 of vol. ii. the expressions "bothe the lawes," and "the two lawes" are interpreted as meaning the duty to God and to our neighbour. We are inclined to think that the reference is, in accordance with common mediæval usage, to the civil and canon laws, a combination which still survives in the title (borne by Mr. Skeat himself) of *Legum Doctor*, and the corresponding phrase *Utriusque Juris Doctor*. On pp. 143, 240, we think Mr. Skeat has gone wrong through not observing that the word *moillere* is the legal phrase *mulier*, meaning legitimate. The word *mulier* occurs, for instance, in this sense in Fortescue's tracts on the Succession. We believe, moreover, that this is the meaning of the word in all the places in which it occurs in *Piers the Plowman*; though in some cases the sense of "lawful wife" which Mr. Skeat assigns to it is not absolutely impossible. On p. 268 the phrase "to paye" is wrongly explained as meaning "to please"; the use of the word two lines lower down in the poem, and in Passus 23, 308, shows clearly that it is here to be taken in its usual sense. On p. 248 we are inclined to suggest that the phrase "lented me to a lenten" is perhaps to be explained by the parallel passage II. 64, as meaning "I leaned against a linden tree"; while on p. 303, in the phrase used of some of the members of Richard II.'s packed Parliament of September 1397, that they had "supped with Simon over-night," the Simon meant is probably not Simon Peter, as Mr. Skeat thinks, understanding it as a symbolical expression for the clergy, but Simon Magus; and the whole phrase is a humorous way of saying that they had been bribed. But even if in these and a few other cases Mr. Skeat has really gone wrong, these are but slight blemishes on a very important work.

The historical interest of Langland's great poem and the light which it throws upon the social and ecclesiastical life of the time have often been recognized. The passages which have naturally attracted most notice are those in which he attacks the clergy, their non-residence (p. 8), their secular employments (pp. 18, 97, 127, 169), and secular garb (p. 444); their avarice and hardness (pp. 37, 444, 471), their want of learning (pp. 376, 386); his bitter remarks on the rival popes, their failure to make peace among kings and between themselves (pp. 129, 379, 473, 577), and their unlikeness to their spiritual ancestor St. Peter when he said, "Silver and gold have I none" (p. 403); his still more bitter denunciations of the friars which occur at almost every turn, and in which he shows his affinity with Wycliffe. On the strength of these passages he has been claimed by the Reformers. Fuller, e.g. in his *Worthies of England*, says "he may by Prolepsis be termed a Protestant." It is now beginning to be recognized that a mediæval writer may denounce the abuses of the mediæval Church without necessarily being a Luther or a Zwingli "born out of due time." Even in regard to Wycliffe himself, Dr. Shirley long ago remarked that, had he only abstained from attacking the doctrine of Transubstantiation, he might have been honoured as the founder of a new Order in the Church, and his "poor priests" might have taken their place by the side of the Dominicans and Franciscans. How far our author was from being a Protestant in the popular sense may be seen from the following doctrines and practices of which he distinctly approves; although, like all true moral and religious reformers, he places right intention and right conduct, love to God and love to man, far above all external observances, however sacred. We take the points in the order in which they occur in his work—Prayers to Saints form the pillars of Truth's abode (p. 187); the embroidering of "chasubles for chaplains" is urged on rich ladies as a charitable work (p. 195); purgatory (p. 239); the Pope has power "pardon to grant To people without penance to pass into Joy"—in other words, to grant indulgences (p. 249); virginity is set above marriage (pp. 368, 483); the clergy, "what so [ever] they do themselves," are nevertheless God's anointed (p. 373). Contrast Wycliffe's doctrine of "Dominion founded in grace". Thomas Becket, the special object of Reformation fury, which erased his very name from the Calendar, "was slain . . . in salvation of man's soul," and "is an example to all bishops and a bright mirror" (p. 475). On p. 549 the poet says to his wife and daughter

Arise and go reverence God's resurrection,
And creep on knees to the Cross & kiss it for a Jewel—

a practice expressly condemned at the Reformation; while on

p. 573 the doctrine of Transubstantiation is put into the mouth of Conscience herself:—

Here is bread y-blessed · and God's body there-under;

where the word "there-under" exactly represents the theological substance of Transubstantiation (*cf.* p. 505). All these passages are from the latest recension of the poem; so that they represent the author's maturest views, who cannot, we fear, be acquitted of adherence to "the deplorable Roman religion," as Thackeray with his "wonted irony" calls it in his recently published letters. But it is not ecclesiastical abuses only that raise Langland's wrath. He is strong against the secular evils of the time—purveyance, livery, and maintenance—those standing plagues of the later middle ages, the corruption of judges and juries, the overbearing of law by force, the oppression of lords towards their tenants (p. 457), and of tradesmen towards the poor "that parcel-mele mote biggen"—i.e. who are forced to buy in small quantities (p. 69). He is as stern as Thackeray against the monstrosities of the marriage market (pp. 279 ff.), and denounces idle and fraudulent beggars with the zeal of a Poor-law reformer (pp. 204 ff.) Langland is emphatically one for whom "facit indignatio versum." He is very different in this from his great contemporary Chaucer, whose genial and worldly humour takes vice and imperfection for granted. And among his most beautiful lines are those which describe (pp. 230-1) the lawyer who uses his legal knowledge, not, as so many, for oppression, but to "see that such as are in need and necessity have right"; and the account of charity (pp. 446-9).

Besides being a moralist at once indignant and tender, the poet is a humourist of a very high order, full of keen and caustic observation. Mr. Skeat has rightly drawn attention to the number and interest of Langland's references to London, where he lived for a long time. But he had also lived in the country. Indeed, the line which in the latest or C-text runs

I have lived in London · many long years,

is in the B-text

I have lived in land [*i.e.* in the country] quoth I · my name is long Will. And the air of the country breathes in some of the most musical lines of the poem. This note is struck at the very opening:—

In a summer season · when soft was the sun, &c.

And there is another very similar passage, pp. 257-9:—

I went forth wide-whore · walking mine one [*i.e.* alone]

In a wild wilderness · by a wood-side.

Bliss of the birds · abide me made,

And under a linden in a lawn · leaned I a stound [*i.e.* a while]

To list to their lays · and their lovely notes.

Very beautiful, too, is the description (too long to quote) of what Kind (*i.e.* Nature) showed to the poet in the "Mirror of Myddelorde," or Earth (pp. 359-361).

We trust we have said enough to show that, apart from the high historical and philological interest of Langland, his literary value is extremely great. Any one who reads to live and does not live to read, or, to put it differently, any one whose interest is literary rather than philological or historical, may be well content, if he have mastered Chaucer and Langland, to give the rest of Middle-English verse the go-by. At the end of the preface to the last volume of *Piers the Plowman*, published by the Early English Text Society, Mr. Skeat expresses the hope that his work may prove as useful as that of the Northern Farmer, who was well content to make it his boast that he had "stubb'd Thornaby waiste." We heartily congratulate him on this conclusion of his most important work. It is a perfect monument of patient industry and sound learning.

THE VIRGINIAN CAMPAIGN OF 1781.*

THESE two solid volumes are, in the first place, witnesses to the painful interest taken by Americans in their history. Painful, that is, in the old sense of the word, for it shrinks from no labour, and it publishes the results of its toil regardless of expense. A fair and safe way of showing what these volumes contain—and withal an easy way, which is no small merit—is to quote the voluminous title-page, whereon Mr. Stevens, "of Vermont, temporarily residing in London, England," amplifies the short title given on the back of his book. "The Campaign in Virginia, 1781. An exact Reprint of Six rare Pamphlets on the Clinton-Cornwallis Controversy; with very numerous important unpublished Manuscript Notes by Sir Henry Clinton, K.B.; and the omitted and hitherto unpublished Portions of the Letters in their Appendixes added from the Original Manuscripts. With a Supplement containing Extracts from the Journals of the House of Lords, a French Translation of Papers laid before the House, and a Catalogue of the additional Correspondence of Clinton, and of Cornwallis, in 1780-81: about 3456 Papers relating to the Controversy or bearing on affairs in America." Here is a title-page nearly as long as a preface, but carefully descriptive and thoroughly trustworthy—nay more, most commendably modest. Mr. Stevens not only gives all this, but more also. His reprint of the pamphlets with Clinton's notes is supplied with an elaborate set of finger-posts, so to speak, and cross references, so that no one who uses them has the smallest excuse for not knowing where to find all the pros and cons of the

controversy. Mr. Stevens has also got his book up in a style deserving of much praise. The volumes are larger than human indolence can like, but paper and print are capital, and the type varies in size in proportions pleasing to the eye. It must have been a happy morning that in which Mr. Stevens arranged his title-page, adjusted its lines, and balanced its type.

From the nature of the case, Mr. Stevens's share of the book is largely beyond the reach of criticism. Unless one had the rare pamphlets covered with General Clinton's notes before him how shall he tell whether Mr. Stevens has copied those jottings accurately? Again, without going all through the straggling correspondence of the parties in the original, how shall he say whether it is carefully reprinted? These remarks we make as defining our own inevitable limitations, not as meaning to imply that Mr. Stevens has failed in any way to discharge the duties of a good and faithful editor. On the contrary, there is abundance of internal evidence that he has laboured strenuously, and missed nothing. Texts, notes, references, elucidations, and quotations from contemporary newspapers and magazines are all given. The result is a work which must be exceedingly useful to all students of the American War of Independence. Further, Mr. Stevens's own observations are thoroughly sensible in tone, and he sums up the merits both of the Virginian campaign and the quarrel between the English generals very soundly. Any doubt we have as to the value of the book is due entirely to the nature of the subject. It is not because the Virginian campaign of 1781 ended in the surrender at Yorktown that we find a thousand pages of print more than it deserves. That disaster can be now remembered with great equanimity, but the relative importance of the thing does not justify so much talk. Perhaps an Englishman may be prejudiced in this matter. In a history which has lasted for eighteen hundred years, more or less, and is so incomparably full and varied, one campaign of one war must have a very subordinate interest. Even while it was going on the Virginian campaign was, for England, only a part of a great and complicated whole. It had to be watched along with the diplomatic struggle with the Northern Powers, and open war with our neighbours across the Channel and the North Sea. Hood and Rodney were keeping the lists against all comers in the West Indies; Gibraltar was standing its famous siege; and in the East we were wrestling our last pull with France. Amidst all this the campaign in Virginia, in spite of its real importance, is considerably overshadowed for us. From the American point of view, which takes in so much less, it is more conspicuous, naturally; but even there it can hardly be worth two weighty volumes. After all Mr. Stevens's labour there is nothing new to be said about it. That Clinton and Cornwallis, though good officers and honourable men, were neither of them great soldiers, that they were far too weak in force for the work they had to do, that they were mistaken in dividing their army before the enemy, and that one of them was crushed by weight of numbers, were known facts, and cannot be made any more certain. In its details the campaign was not picturesque, and has no military significance. Therefore we cannot help thinking that Mr. Stevens has imposed upon himself a work of supererogation.

The merits of the controversy between the generals have also been already judged, and most admirably. Nothing more completely adequate can be imagined than the judgment given in their own time by the *Monthly Review* for January 1783, and quoted by Mr. Stevens, on the first of the pamphlets. "It had," said our esteemed ancestor in the press, "been happy for this country [we are to write now in the preter-pluperfect tense] that the conduct of our commanders had been so clear and decisive as to save them the trouble of penning narratives and defences. Ill-success is the parent of accusation, exculpation, and recrimination, and in this detail Sir Henry Clinton acquits himself of all share in Lord Cornwallis's misfortune, leaving that general to answer for misconceptions of the orders sent him, and for the choice of the post which he was reduced to surrender. A counter representation may probably follow from the other side, and such is all the satisfaction we have, and are likely to have, for the loss of America." The *Monthly Reviewers* were duller men than some rivals, according to Dr. Johnson, but this *Monthly Reviewer* was not a dull man. He turned out a neat piece of prophetic criticism and said all there was to say. Taken together, the pamphlets prove that neither of the generals had a definite practical military scheme in his head, that they went along from hand to mouth playing the extremely difficult game of co-operation from widely distant centres, and in their correspondence leaving much to be understood, and implying a great deal which ought to have been stated with precision. Finally, they were beaten because the united force of the enemy, more by accident than good management, fell upon one of them while they were divided. To be sure it must be said for them that they had to fight under conditions which would have tried Napoleon or Gustavus.

TWO BOOKS ON LATIN LITERATURE.*

THE altogether disproportionate attention which, from at least the middle of the seventeenth century to the first quarter of this nineteenth, Roman literature received at the expense of Greek

* *Society in Rome under the Caesars.* By W. R. Inge. London: Murray. 1888.

Roman Literature and Roman Art. By Rev. Robert Burn. London: Macmillan. 1888.

* *Clinton-Cornwallis Controversy, growing out of the Campaign in Virginia, 1781.* Compiled, collected, and edited by B. F. Stevens. London: 4 Trafalgar Square. 1888.

in England naturally brought about a certain reaction, and until recently Greek has certainly attracted (we shall not say more than its share, having a strong opinion on that point, but) more than Latin. Of course there have been isolated exceptions, such as the great work done on single authors by the late Mr. Munro and the living Mr. Robinson Ellis, and the excellent study of the literature, as a literature, by Professor Sellar. Quite recently, again, there seems to have been a fresh set in the Roman direction, and the two books before us are instances of it. Whether they are capital instances will appear better when we have examined them more in detail.

It is never well to be harsh to the young, and when the young are instructors of others yet younger *maxima debetur pueris* has a double meaning. Besides, Mr. Inge, who is a Master at Eton, and a Fellow of King's College as well, displays good gifts in more ways than one. He has evidently had the virtue as well as the good taste to read what he is writing about. Indeed, his book shows a really creditable acquaintance with Latin literature, especially Latin poetical literature, from Lucretius to Juvenal, beyond which his period does not go. The essay is a well-written essay, and, we doubt not, quite deserved the Hare prize which it got at Cambridge two years ago. But whether it deserved publication is another matter. Nobody who remembers his own undergraduate or early graduate days has much right to throw stones at Mr. Inge for the faults here observable as faults in a prize essay. Anybody who did not publish his own essays, prize or other, at such a period may perhaps have a little right to throw a pebble at this published book. Most men can remember the ingenious way in which they "got into logical coaches," and rode to their destination, charmed with the smooth rolling of the vehicle, and quite careless of other considerations; the bland indifference with which they arrived at contradictory conclusions, the gravity with which they picked up and gave out as new the ideas of popular text-books and popular coaches, or (it comes to very much the same) with unheard-of audacity attacked these ideas. One may praise the composition of these little exercises, through which only, in most cases, a man comes to sound and original thinking; but one cannot praise the publishing of them. For instance, we should like Mr. Inge to compare two statements of his which occur at no greater distance than at pages 4 and 10 of his book:—

The righteous indignation with which Lucretius attacks the fables about Hell current among the vulgar seems to show that belief in a future punishment was strong enough to cause considerable unhappiness in the minds of many.

Let us, to be absolutely fair to Mr. Inge, mention that in a previous sentence he refers to the "apparent incredulity of educated persons" in such fables; but still the sentence just quoted seems to ring oddly in the memory when we come six pages later to the following:—

The belief in immortality was openly ridiculed in Cicero's time. Hardly an old woman could be found, if we believe the writer, who trembled at the fables about the infernal regions.

This again is safeguarded just afterwards by a caution not to accept the statements of authorities too strictly, to remember that expressions like Cicero's are hastily made, &c. But as Cicero's time and Lucretius's time coincide pretty exactly, it surely would have been better not to hazard at short distances general statements which directly contradict each other. The truth, of course, is that nothing can be more rash than to found any positive conclusion upon the language of a poetical and philosophical recluse like Lucretius or a rhetorical speaker and writer like Cicero. And this rashness, though, as the two provisos just referred to show, Mr. Inge really tries to guard himself against it, is the main fault of the book. The writer does not sufficiently remember that elaborate literature of the belles-lettres kind is the most dangerous of all texts to judge social matters from, and that in both the classical literatures, but especially in Latin, the quantity of literary evidence that we have, not of this kind, is woefully small. Suppose Marston's satires with little or nothing else had come down to us as evidence of the social state of London, what should we think of the generation of the Armada? Would Mr. Inge take the doleful descriptions of British impiety in Gildas as gospel?

There is another sign of youth in Mr. Inge's arguments; he mixes up his times. What is the use of quoting Cicero and Celsus, writers separated by some two hundred years, as giving contrasted evidence about belief in the superstitions of Paganism? You might as well quote *Essays and Reviews* and Hobbes as if they had reference to the same state of things. This lumping up of all classical writers is, no doubt, a very common fault; but we should hardly have expected it from an evidently well-read young scholar. "If we may believe Juvenal and Apuleius" is not so bad; but it is quite as bad as "if we may believe Fielding and Thackeray." Indeed, we should much like to know what Apuleius has to do with "the Cæsars" at all. Yet, again, Mr. Inge falls into that peculiar vice of which Macaulay and the late Mr. J. K. Green are the capital examples—the vice of generalizing from a single example or a small number of examples. He refers to a well-known scandalous story as to the abuse, in a particular instance, of a temple for purposes of seduction. But this is a terribly narrow foundation for the sweeping statement—"Even religion lent itself to be the ready minister of vice, and the temples of Isis were constantly used for the vilest purposes." The sentence before this—"Art lent itself to depict shameless and suggestive scenes"—is a very odd hendiadys; for the poor blessed word "suggestive" has surely nothing wicked *per se* about it. But it is chiefly in

generalities of this kind that Mr. Inge is peccant, and when we come to the detailed accounts of manners and customs the book is nearly always careful and good. Its fault is an insufficient power of weighing and arranging evidence—a power which scarcely ever comes very early.

We can hardly speak so well of the other book before us, except as an album to turn over for the sake of its admirable illustrations. The author of *Rome and the Campagna* has Roman art, especially architecture, sufficiently near his finger ends, and his examples of them are well chosen and admirably rendered. But from this to writing a book on Roman literature in relation to Roman art is rather a long way, and to writing this book in the form of a comparative and philosophical history of Roman tendencies, character, and so forth, is a still longer. We own that we do not think Mr. Burn has reached even the shorter journey's end in a satisfactory manner. To begin with, the book is factitious in composition; the longest chapter, nearly one-third of the whole, is, the author tells us, slightly altered from his former work. It gives, indeed, a very interesting and minute account of Romano-Greek architecture, but an account which has in at least great part of its bulk absolutely nothing to do with the general subject. Then, too, Mr. Burn's fashion of arguing is very odd. "The characteristic tone," he says, "of Materialism which we see pervading all ancient Roman work is diametrically opposed to the spiritual and upward tendency expressed by Gothic architecture, and we are, therefore, prepared to find Roman art and poetry deadening the elevated tone of Christianity for many centuries." Anything stranger of its kind than this "therefore" we never had the honour of meeting. Roman art and literature were deadening and materializing, and, therefore, we find them deadening Gothic. One would imagine from Mr. Burn's words, that Gothic was first, and then Roman art and poetry came and deadened it. Perhaps he does mean this, and refers to Renaissance and Palladian art. But, then, how about the many centuries? In plain language, though we have no doubt his meaning is right, his expression is a mere muddle. Nor do we wonder so much at this when we come to other expressions on particular points. Whether some anti-Jingo has got hold of Mr. Burn and inoculated him with venom we know not, but he has got into his head the certainly original notion that the overweening patriotism of the Romans was prejudicial to their literary power. We will give any one a dozen, a hundred, or, if he likes, a thousand guesses at what Mr. Burn sees in the magnificent passage—one of the few in which even lukewarm admirers of the Mantuan acknowledge him to have reached poetry high, if not the highest—"Excurrent alii" with its climax "Tu regere imperio populos." Mr. Burn sees in it (we should really like to have a page turned here in order to give the full effect) "an almost menial worship of Imperial power." This extraordinary sentence is well followed up by another, which, unless its meaning is hopelessly confused, calls the *Æneid* "in great part prosaic and lifeless." Now there is a kind of fashion at the present day, no doubt, of assuming certain esoteric preciousnesses and perfections in Virgil which the profane vulgar cannot see, and against this tendency it is well to make a stand. And we shall not say that Virgil was of the first order of poets. But if a poem which begins with the storm and the meeting of *Æneas* and his mother, goes on with the story of the fall of Troy and its sequel, continues with the whole fourth book, and, after this, gives us the games, and the descent into hell, and Nisus and Euryalus, and the visit to Evander, and the deaths of Lausus and Pallas, and Mezentius and Turnus—if this poem, giving all this and more in one of the most perfectly harmonious of poetical styles is prosaic and lifeless, then we will very gladly take a whole *corpus poeticum* of such lifeless prose as soon as Mr. Burn will write it for us. Indeed, any one who can say that any part of the *Æneid* is prosaic must be perfectly insensible to poetic form. However, very likely Mr. Burn did not mean this; indeed, we are under the impression that throughout the book he did not know very clearly what he meant, and did not know at all how to express what he meant. This, no doubt, is a pitiable, not a criminal state of mind; but it is a state of mind by no means conducive to the writing of a good book.

But study brings all things good, and now that people have begun to read Latin once more, they will no doubt some day begin to know something about it, if only they do not allow themselves to confine their attention to In-khorn and Ta-phouse, nor, as a great scholar adjures them, try to find out, not what was meant, but what was written only.

THE EARTHLY INFERNO.*

WE wish we could introduce Mr. William Morris, the poet, to Mr. William Morris, the political revolutionist, between whom there has long been alienation. The one might learn a great deal from the other. The author of the lectures printed under the title of the *Signs of Change* would find his dreams—half idyllic, half bloodthirsty—rebuked in advance by the more truly inspired wisdom of the poem the title of which, by a happy irony, he appends to his name at the front of this work. Mr. Morris, like the wanderers whose illusions and sufferings and

* *Signs of Change*. Seven Lectures, delivered on various occasions. By William Morris. Author of "The Earthly Paradise." London: Reeves & Turner. 1888.

failure he told in noble verse, has himself set out in search of an earthly paradise. Like them, having passed through much affliction, he would find, if he had his way, that he had arrived at a place very different from that of his dreams. He might find himself in an earthly inferno. "So," as a poet he knows sings, "with the failing of our hoped delight, we grew to be like devils." Mr. Morris, in the volume before us, describes a state of things which does not exist, and proposes, as a cure for it, a state of things which could not possibly exist. With a certain artistic sense, in which he is not likely to be wanting, he darkens his picture of the present in order to heighten the charms of the dream of the future which he displays before his own duped vision. He writes as if the disclosures which have been made before the Lords' Committee on the sweating system gave a true picture of our industrial organisation, though they really apply only to four trades subject to very special conditions.

Society, according to Mr. Morris, is divided into two classes; robbers and the persons whom they plunder, masters and slaves. These two classes are commonly called employers and labourers, or capitalists and workmen, but their moral relation is, in Mr. Morris's view, best expressed by the terms which he uses. Labour produces everything, and is, therefore, entitled to everything. But as labour cannot beset to work without capital—which supplies it with the means of livelihood while the products on which it must subsist are in the process of creation, and with the instruments, such as tools, machinery, buildings, in and by which it works—it is absolutely under the control of capital, and must submit to the terms which the capitalist imposes. As the capitalist, too, must live, and as he cannot eat spinning-jennies nor clothe himself with steam-engines, it might occur to Mr. Morris that he is as much in the power of the labourer as the labourer is in his power, and that the terms master and slave, plunderer and plundered, might be converted. The number of the labourers, and their competition with each other for work, compels them, in Mr. Morris's view, to accept such wages as are compatible with bare and comfortless existence. But competition is not entirely on one side. If the competition of labourers tends to lower wages, the competition of manufacturers tends to lower prices, and the labourer, who is the maker of one thing and the purchaser of many, finds the good and evil at least balanced. It further tends to equalize wages in different employments, which, as Mr. Mill points out, is a result of competition in harmony with the Socialist ideal. Further, there is a competition of employers for labourers, of which the result is to raise wages. That competition leads to adulteration and the production of articles cheap and nasty is true; but there is a competition also in excellence of quality as well as in vileness, and the action taken by the State through armies of inspectors in the protection of the purchaser and in derogation of the maxim *caveat emptor* enforces this better competition.

These are truisms, but it is necessary to re-state them when they are questioned by sciolists or denied by demagogues. The grave fact, however, remains. Are the English labouring classes in the position of starved, ill-clad, miserably housed, over-worked, and mentally impoverished destitution which is alleged? There is some incongruity in bringing Mr. Giffen's facts and researches into juxtaposition with Mr. Morris's dreams. Mr. Morris speaks of over-production for the sake of profit to the employer leading to exhausting over-work on the part of the labourers. Mr. Giffen has pointed out that a relative decline in the material productions of English industry is due in some degree to the success with which the labouring classes have enforced shorter hours of labour, and their disposition, to use his phrase, "to take things easy," a state of mind which is in some degree in harmony with Mr. Morris's socialistic ideal. So far are things from going from bad to worse that of late years an increase of population has been accompanied by a decrease of pauperism; the deposits in savings banks and the number of depositors—chiefly working men and the tradesmen depending upon working men—have greatly increased. As these savings represent a surplussage of earnings over spendings Mr. Morris's theory of starvation wages, or wages little above starvation point, is scarcely in harmony with the facts. Mr. Morris advocates his socialistic reconstruction of society, which is mostly borrowed from Fourier, for this reason, among others, that the organization of labour would leave leisure for the innocent recreations and elevating pursuits of life. Mr. Giffen has pointed out that there is a steady increase among the self-supporting population of the country of the classes devoting themselves to art, science, literature, amusements, and education. This fact exhibits a tendency in the direction of Mr. Morris's desires.

The fact is that, under the system of competition, the evils which Mr. Morris would abolish by Socialism are gradually curing themselves. To this fact Mr. Morris carefully shuts his eyes, or, when he cannot shut his eyes, he closes his mind. He denounces gradual reforms as leading men away from his own remedy of violent revolution. He looks forward, as possibly "the best we can hope to see," to a time when "the struggle, getting sharper and bitterer day by day"—it is becoming less sharp and less bitter day by day—"will break out openly into a slaughter of men by actual warfare instead of the slower and crueller methods of peaceful commerce. If we live to see that, we shall live to see much; for it will mean the rich classes grown conscious of their own wrong and robbery, and consciously defending them by open violence; and then the end will be drawing near."

Like some of his predecessors of the French revolutionary period,

Mr. Morris mingles with his bloodthirsty aspirations dreams of a land flowing, not so much with milk and honey as with milk and water, of a society in which fellowship shall supersede mastership, in which men shall play at work and work at play, and society shall be dissolved in a sickly, spoony, and languid sentimentality which would probably issue in a hate like that of the soliloquist in the Spanish cloister. This, of course, is not his statement; it is our rude but faithful translation. For ourselves we believe that he entirely mistakes human nature. Sir William Grove's speculations are not necessary in order to show that antagonism is the law of the world, that conflict and competition are essential to the development of an energetic manliness of character, that the relations of men to each other are naturally and necessarily those of leaders and followers, masters and servants, of rivals and not of fellows in Mr. Morris's lackadaisical sense of the term—a sense incompatible with real comradeship and hearty goodwill.

In conclusion, may we commend to Mr. Morris his own earlier wisdom:—

Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?

He has endeavoured to build "a shadowy isle of bliss amidst the beatings of a steely sea," unconscious of what he once knew, that "its ravening monsters mighty men must slay," if they are to be slain, "not the poor singer of an empty day."

ARTISTIC ANATOMY.*

THERE are several works on Artistic Anatomy in English, French, and German. Our great work, of course, is the classical Marshall, which we have already reviewed, or rather we have attempted to do so. Before us is an outcome possibly of his work—at any rate, a most excellent practical treatise on the matter in hand. Our author is an accomplished artist, anatomist, and teacher, and finding, as he tells us in his preface, that there is no work on artistic anatomy which gives with sufficient fulness what the artist requires, has most certainly—without either extreme minuteness or, on the other hand, superficiality—given the art student exactly the necessary details for following out his work. Mr. Sparkes must most clearly have studied in the dissecting-room, or he could not have told us what we are so desirous ourselves of inculcating, that, besides knowledge gained by lectures, plates, models, casts, and reading, the art student should follow the example of such masters as Michael Angelo and Da Vinci, in careful attendance on and drawing from dissections, or indeed, if possible, making them himself. Every facility is given in London; the two great art schools, the Royal Academy and South Kensington, as also the lectures at University College, are illustrated by practical dissections in addition to the lectures, and the magnificent collection at the Royal College of Surgeons is open to all. The chief object of dissecting-room anatomy, of course, is to verify statements made in lecture, and to make the art student accurate.

Mr. Sparkes is to be much congratulated on having produced the most readable, accurate, and useful work for the English art student which has yet been placed before him, and it is a credit to South Kensington teaching and to English art literature.

DOCTORS AND DOCTORS.†

THE subject-matter of this work has been that of not a few others, but the author has certainly succeeded in imparting a freshness and interest which render it eminently readable. Written by one who is not in the ranks of the profession, it is strictly impartial and free from professional egotism, while exhibiting the greatest sympathy for physicians, past and present, in their many trials and disabilities. The thoughtful Englishman who takes a pride in his country's past history may well ponder the lessons here told, which should act as a wholesome tonic to complacent boasting, demonstrating as they undoubtedly do the gross ignorance and bovine stupidity of every rank of society in days not so very long gone by, days of which a not insignificant afterglow yet lingers amongst us. After the wreck of the old pagan civilizations, in which the science of medicine had held an honourable place, the Church devoted its energies, with all too much success, to the hampering, hindering, and smothering of this most beneficent of all the arts or sciences. Every effort was made to suppress the Jewish and Arabian physicians, who during the dark ages kept in some sort the traditions of a more enlightened epoch. How well the Church understood the nature of the duties which it thus arrogantly assumed may be gathered from the injunctions of Popes Benedict IX. and Urban II., which forbade the higher clergy to practise medicine at all, contemptuously relegating the art to the lowest of the priesthood, and endeavouring to prohibit surgery altogether, upon the ridiculous pretext that the Church abhorred the shedding of blood. Thus vilified and abused, medicine and surgery sank to a point at

* *A Manual of Artistic Anatomy.* For the use of Students in Art. Being a Description of the Bones and Muscles that influence the External Form of Man. By John C. L. Sparkes, Principal of the National Art Training School, South Kensington (approved by the Science and Art Department). Illustrated. Baillière, Tindal, & Cox. 1888.

† *Doctors and Doctors.* By Graham Everett. London: Sonnenschein & Co. 1888.

which they could certainly not be regarded as either a science or an art; and poor humanity was ruthlessly abandoned to the tender mercies of charlatans and impostors.

The Reformation in England wrought but little improvement, although Henry VIII. condescended so far as to elevate surgery to the dignity of a trade by granting a charter to the Barber Surgeons in 1540. A charter had previously been granted to physicians living in or within seven miles of London giving them a quasi-monopoly of metropolitan practice. But beyond this nothing seems to have been done by the Legislature to encourage medical education, or to protect the lives of the lieges from quackery as murderous as it was impudent. The author, quoting from a work dated so late as 1727, states that it was at that time customary for "bishops and their officials" to grant licences as "doctors" to all and sundry illiterate persons who chose to apply and pay for their diplomas. Indeed, this monstrous system survived up to the year 1858, the Archbishop of Canterbury retaining up to then the legal right to confer degrees in medicine at his own discretion. That the profession, humiliated and handicapped by such want of recognition of its fair claims, should have struggled on to its present position speaks volumes for the honesty, devotion, and intrepidity of its pioneers.

Mr. Everett describes very graphically the different epidemics of the black death and the sweating sickness; but surely the statement that the former "is at this moment doing deadly work among the miners in certain parts of the Principality" (Wales?) requires some explanation.

The whole chapter entitled "The Red Cross on the Door" is, however, of thrilling interest; while the "Essay on Humbug" and the pages devoted to "false pretences" are particularly commendable at the present day, when thousands of well-to-do people, who would feel themselves grievously insulted if they were designated paupers, eagerly avail themselves of the all too profuse benefits of purblind hospital charity.

When on the subject of mineral waters the author takes occasion to write the following very candid criticism concerning two well-known towns:—"Unlike Bath, even in the days of its prosperity, Clifton was as dull as ditchwater, if dullness of so impenetrable a character can ever hope to be equalled." Of modern Bath, we are told, "If you wish to see 'provincialism'—that peculiarity of English country society which astonishes foreigners—not, perhaps, at its worst, but in a very advanced form, the reader (*sic*) should seek it at this Western city." This may be sound sense, but the sentence is certainly somewhat shaky. It is a pity, too, that the same person should figure alternately in these pages as "Lord John Hervey" and "Lord Hervey." Such slipshod carelessness is excusable, perhaps, in a French journalist whose fondness for "Sir Harcourt" or "Sir Northcote" is well known, but we expect more accuracy in an English author.

The author is quite right, however, in attributing the languishing state of these, as indeed of nearly all our British spas, to the lack of such attractions as render a temporary sojourn agreeable to a man of culture and travelled experience; to want of enterprise, and to the dog-in-the-manger manners of the dominant cliques. All which things render less startling the assertion that "no strangers visit Clifton, except for the purpose of leaving it with as little delay as possible"—a decidedly Hibernian reason for going anywhere.

Some curious stories are related of medicine-taking maniacs, who, to judge by the fortunes made by advertising quacks, must still in this so-called enlightened age be reckoned by millions.

The criminal folly of these self-constituted experimenters upon their own or their children's bodies is well illustrated in several cases mentioned; while the "Quackery of Modern Miracles" affords an easy task of literary dissection. A chapter on Spiritualism closes the work, which presents on the whole few faults, and affords much information, amusing as well as instructive, if indeed it does not altogether demonstrate that the present average knowledge and intelligence possessed by the public but scantily suffices to raise their minds above the level of barbarism.

NEW PRINTS.

WE have received from Messrs. Boussod & Valadon specimens of a series of *Estampes Miniatures* which they have been publishing. These prints represent fairly the pictures of the several painters from which they have been taken, and they are very elegant little works of art in themselves. Bouguereau, Cabanel, and Perrault may not swing a very robust brush or revel in a very glowing palette, but they thoroughly understand the science of composition and the way to arrange a canvas pictorially. "Calypso," by Bouguereau, makes a lovely print, suave in line and agreeable in tone; and Perrault's naked Nymph, "La Baigneuse," swinging in a hammock slung over a stream, is a little design full of grace and delicacy. Certainly the "Marche d'Esclaves," after Gérôme, has more interest of subject, incident, and possibility, yet it is very lovely, too, in the contrast of the soft-sweeping contours of the female slave to the harsh faces and severe draperies of the buyers and sellers. We have also "Les Pigeons de St. Marc," from Palmaroli; "Petites Maraudeuses," from Bouguereau. The first shows a young girl feeding the pigeons at an open window which looks out on Venice; the second shows a girl of fifteen, who has been holding up a child while it steals fruit from trees near the roadside. There is a variety

of colour in these prints. Some are sepia-red, as Cabanel's "La Colombe"; some blue, as De Beaumont's "Les Sirènes"; some grey, as Bouguereau's "L'Aurore" and "Crépuscule," and the greater part a warmish black, like Morgan's "Very Great Secret."

FRENCH LITERATURE.

THE more splendid periodical works on the Salon—works which in their splendour English art does not dare to imitate—are as yet not out or not complete; but we have some publications of the kind before us. The *Paris Illustré* Salon number has on its outside a full-size coloured reproduction of M. Brouillet's portrait of Mlle. Darlot (a work more remarkable for skilful handling of faint shades of colour than for charm), and at the end another chromolithograph, from M. Bonnat's "Cardinal Lavignerie," who looks so like a benevolent and polygamous old sheikh that we do not wonder at the popular tradition which ascribes to him more influence than half a dozen generals in the French conquest of Central North Africa. The black-and-white pieces are of unequal effectiveness—the portraits, especially M. Gervex's "Mlle. Jeanne Harding" and M. Henner's admirable "Mme. X.," being by far the best. The corresponding number of *L'Art* appeals less to popular taste, but gives a very full and interesting series of reproductions of sketches and studies by the artists themselves for or from the exhibited works. The English version of the authorized *Illustrated Catalogue* (Chatto & Windus) is also before us. It is impossible to criticize this well-known publication, and sufficient to say that the numerous or innumerable reproductions are fully as good as usual and as well suited to the purposes of such a Catalogue. But it is a pity that the rendering of the titles into English is not entrusted to more competent hands. "Navy infantry" for "Infanterie de marine" is bad enough; but "Milk Street" for "La voie lactée" is really a little too bad.

M. Maurice Bouchor (1) would appear to be both in a productive and an eclectic vein just now. It is but the other day that we noticed a volume of Vedic and other poems by him, and here is a crusading drama, a really authentic crusading drama, in Alexandrines, partly Hugonian, though not of what may be called the ultra-victorious type, but chiefly of a rather old-fashioned and pre-1830 stamp. We do not remember seeing anything of M. Bouchor's in this kind before. The dramatic action, which turns on the seduction of a good young French knight by a wicked Greek princess, is not very strong; but there is some good stuff in it, and the proper names come in with a right "thwack-thwack thirly bouncing."

M. Jules de Glouvet (2) has contributed a good short story of the Revolution to the curiously unequal little collection entitled "Petite Bibliothèque Française." *La ferme à Goron* (3), in another pretty little series, is one of the unlively peasant stories which, common for many years, have culminated in *La terre*; while the ever-fertile mine of Tolstoi has furnished M. Henri Olivier with a short and not, to our thinking, specially effective companion volume (4). On the other hand, M. Alexandre Tassart (5) seems to have determined to do his Russian novel on his own profane head, and not on the sacred one of Tolstoi, Dostoevsky, or any other of the fraternity who, if Swift had been living to-day, would have made him call a character of his "Dismalski" instead of "Dismallo." As it ends with the words "Soyez maudits tous les trois!" it will be seen that it is of the right kind.

Fate or accident has kept back M. Hubbard's (6) biography of the present President of the French Republic from our notice till rather late, but any one who is curious on the subject will find in it a brief sketch, with an exceptionally good etched portrait.

We cannot too heartily commend Admiral Maxse's five letters to the *Justice* on the subject of Ireland (7). The unfortunate spectacle of the readiness with which in England itself, and with every opportunity of knowing the truth, the most barefaced falsehoods as to "coercion" government in Ireland are swallowed makes it impossible to feel much surprise at the still greater currency which such falsehoods obtain in France. But it is interesting to find that that civilized world which is "with" Mr. Gladstone founds its argument upon such beliefs as that Irishmen cannot elect their mayors and have no Parliamentary franchise, that eviction is something quite different from the proceeding which in France itself is lawful to and exercised by every proprietor whose tenant does not pay his rent, and so forth. The Admiral's description of Mr. John Morley is graceful and correct:—"Mr. John Morley est un charmant homme de lettres, qui a une terreur féminine des responsabilités du pouvoir et s'est fait le défenseur d'une politique de poltronnerie et de concessions continuelles devant la menace." Yet we do not think that Admiral Maxse is a Tory.

We have here two French books for very young persons, both good.

- (1) *Dieu le veut*. Par Maurice Bouchor. Paris: Fischbacher.
- (2) *Dans l'Argonne*. Par Jules de Glouvet. Paris: Librairie des Bibliophiles.
- (3) *La ferme à Goron*. Par H. Beaclar. Paris: Dupret.
- (4) *Le joueur*. Par le Comte L. Tolstoi. Paris: Dupret.
- (5) *Le Prince de Karaoulouff*. Par A. Tassart. Paris: Calmann Lévy.
- (6) *Sadi Carnot*. Par G. A. Hubbard. Paris: Quantin.
- (7) *La presse française et l'Irlande*. Par l'Amiral Maxse. Paris: Schiller.

Mlle. Doriot's (8) is for the very beginners of all, with pleasingly fantastic illustrations, divided words, and so forth. Mr. Cornell Price's edition of the pleasant *Bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe* (9) would come in a little later, but very well.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

TO yoke together Mr. Henry James's *Partial Portraits* (Macmillan & Co.) and Mr. W. L. Courtney's *Studies New and Old* (Chapman & Hall), in a painter's humour, is more tempting than profitable, though both books are reprints of essays on literary subjects. The *Portraits* have more finish than the *Studies*, and this is all that can be said of the relation suggested. And first for the *Portraits*. If one wants to know what is a partial portrait, there is full satisfaction in reading Mr. Henry James on Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. This is a sweet and gracious tribute. Mr. James is too good a literary artist to fall into the excesses of those unhappy critics who prematurely exhausted their adjectival enthusiasm and found themselves hard put to for language when dealing with *Kidnapped*. It is with a seductive gradation of manner, which arouses a responsive confidence in the persuasive guide, that Mr. James passes from fond contemplation of Mr. Stevenson's earlier work to the declaration that *Kidnapped* is a classic to be ranked with *Esmond*—that is, that "five-sixths of the book" must be considered "a gallant companion to Thackeray's *tour de force*." So insinuating is the progress, so full of charm and sympathy, that you arrive at this conclusion half acquiescent, or at least indisposed to protest. It is instructive to compare the artistic theories displayed in the interesting paper on the Art of Fiction with the process by which Mr. James separates the one-sixth of *Kidnapped* from the five. Here we find that the novel should be an organic whole; that novels and romances, novels of character or of incident, and so forth, are idle distinctions; that the boundaries of incident, description, and dialogue are indefinable; and that Mr. James professes not to understand what Mr. Walter Besant means by "the story" in the novel. If, as Mr. James says, "a novel is a living thing, all one and continuous, like any other organism," how can Mr. James rank *Esmond* with *Kidnapped*—Thackeray's masterpiece with five-sixths of Mr. Stevenson's organism? It is, no doubt, very kind, though a little blind to the excrescent one-sixth. The truth is Mr. James is above his theories sometimes. He is not without blinkings of Mr. Besant's meaning, for instance, as we see in his amusing discourse on Anthony Trollope, in which he stoops to distinguishing the "main story" and the "under-plot." He knows, also, that the novelist does not merely live upon "putting people into books," despite his profession of faith in the portrait of Alphonse Daudet; and he ought to know English literature better than to say of the short story that it has had a better fortune in America than in England.

Mr. Courtney's *Studies New and Old* are for the most part readable essays, though somewhat sketchy, and narrowed to small issues. They lack Mr. James's delicacy of presentment and over-refining analysis. There is much of the assayer's trim exactitude about Mr. James's method of criticism, whereas Mr. Courtney is at times rough and ready. It is not precisely delicate to ask whether it is experience or morbid fancy that dictates certain of Mr. Swinburne's earlier poems, and to describe those poems as "the recondite ravings of an artificer of impotent emotions" is to emulate a prose style which the writer vigorously denounces in the same paper. Mr. Courtney is not at his best when discussing poets, is not so forcible or keenly perceptive as in tracing the influence of Hobbes, or reviewing Victor Cousin's judgment of Pascal and the late Mr. Cotter Morison's *Service of Man*. In a paper on Emerson there is excellent truth in Mr. Courtney's strictures on the verse perpetrated by the philosopher of Concord, but his examples and comments are sometimes unfortunate. He thinks that Emerson wrote

And striving to be man, the worm
Mounts through all the spires of form

"without, seemingly, discovering that the last line is deficient in a syllable." The couplet is bad, because the thought is confused, the expression awkward, and not because the license complained of is illegitimate. Mr. Courtney might as reasonably object to Keats's

And thou shalt quaff it, thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear;

or Shelley's

For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies.

Mr. Alfred J. Bamford's *Turbans and Tails* (Sampson Low & Co.) is a pleasantly written record of travel from Bengal to Peking, in which man and manners are the study of the genial voyager, and vastly preferable to the agonizing description of everyday sights which most afflicts readers of books of travel. Mr. Bamford does not appear to have gone far afield in China, but he writes with so much gusto of Shanghai and its population as to invest the theme with freshness. He is also a delighted and entertaining student of the Babu and his wondrous ways, and a humorous

(8) *The Beginner's Book in French*. By Sophie Doriot. London: Swan Sonnenschein.

(9) *La bouillie de la Comtesse Berthe*. Par A. Dumas. Edited by Cornell Price. London: Rivingtons.

observer of various Indian birds that never forsake the neighbourhood of a bungalow.

All who love stories of the marvellous, quests after buried treasure, and sea yarns so good that one wishes them to go on for ever, will be grateful for a new edition, with illustrations, of Mr. W. Clark Russell's thrilling story *The Frozen Pirate* (Sampson Low). This is one of the books much reading does not stale. The storm and catastrophe at the outset are among the best of their kind, and the kind is not prolific. The discovery and thawing of the buccaneer is a stroke of genius in a story that is compact of fire and spirit.

The reissue of the new and improved edition of *Bryan's Dictionary of Painters and Engravers* (Bell & Sons) has arrived at a tenth part, and advanced midway in the letter S. It is edited by Messrs. R. E. Graves and Walter Armstrong.

Some Oxford Customs, by Bee Bee (Sonnenschein & Co.), is a little book by a lady, who describes the glories of Commemoration and various customs observed at Magdalen, Queen's, and other colleges in Oxford, with clearness and brevity. The result is a readable and useful little guide.

Mr. J. Watson Lyall's *Sportsman's Time-Tables and Guide to the Rivers, Lochs, Moors, and Deer Forests of Scotland* is issued monthly from May to October, is full of the information required by angler, tourist, and shooter, and has an excellent map of the country by Mr. J. Bartholomew.

Among our new editions we note *Anselm*, by Dean Church (Macmillan & Co.); *Mr. Goldwin Smith's Corper* (Macmillan & Co.); *An Analysis of Wit and Humour*, by Mr. F. R. Fleet (Allen & Co.); the third edition of *Cumbshire Folk* (Cassell & Co.); and *The Second Son*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Macmillan & Co.).

We have also received Vols. I. and II. of a *History of the Catholic Church in Scotland*, translated by D. Oswald Hunter Blair, O.S.B., from the German of Dr. Alphons Bellesheim, to be completed in four volumes (Blackwood & Sons); *The Registers of the Parish Church of Rochdale*, from October 1582 to March 1616, edited by Henry Fishwick, F.S.A. (Rochdale: Clegg); *Electricity and Magnetism*, by Thomas Dunman, revised and completed by Chapman Jones, F.I.C. (Ward, Lock, & Co.); Parts 3 and 4 of a *First History of the English People*, by Amy Baker (Longmans & Co.); and *May's British and Irish Press Guide for 1888*.

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of M.S. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

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